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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

ANTI-SLAVERY REACTION.

From The New Orleans Picayune.

A CHANGE of opinion, too marked to escape notice, is gradually taking place on the subject of negro slavery. The diminution of the productive capacity of the West India Islands by the act of emancipation; the failure, even in latitudes supposed to be the most favourable for the culture of cotton, to compete in the production of that important staple, either in quality or quantity, with the southern portion of the United States; and the evident decline in the moral and social condition of the black race wherever considerable numbers have been endowed with freedom, begin to correct the false philanthropy which had rendered the negro the idol of Exeter Hall, and the most potent element of political discord between the Northern and Southern States.

It is true, the agitation of the vexed subject of negro slavery in religious conventicles and on the political arena has not sensibly subsided, yet, as the barometer indicates an approaching change in the atmospheric phenomena before the sunshine succeeds the storm-clouds, so the sentiments uttered in private discussions of questions of political and commercial economy, and the authenticated movements of governments themselves, palpably prove the progress of a radical and important revolution of public opinion.

The anxious search of the cotton manufacturers of Manchester for a supply of the raw material independent of the United States, some time since, elicited reports of the results of experiments in India, Africa, and the islands under English dominion, which conclusively proved that the great advantage the United States possessed was mainly attributable to the species of labour employed in its cotton fields. The employment of emancipated or more recently imported negroes, and the substitution of Chinese coolies, alike proved unsuccessful. But here is a fact which is highly significant. Legalized, as was the traffic in free black and Chinese emigration, humanity was outraged no more by the regular slave-traders who run the gauntlet of the combined fleets stationed on the African coasts than by these masters of English ships laden with apprenticed labourers. Yet professed philanthropists of the British Empire maintained a profound silence in regard to the sufferings of those who have became ignorant victims of this system of appreticeship, seemingly unwilling to throw an obstacle in the way of the success of the novel labour scheme, though they had engrafted upon their religious creed itself the dogma of universal freedom to all bondmen.

France has shown a much more decided reactionary movement, and the prominent reason given for English opposition to the step taken is a strong evidence of negro sympathy having ceased to be an enthusiasm. The slave trade itself has virtually been reëstablished under the sanction of Imperial authority, though, as in the case of its neighbour across the channel, an awkward attempt is made to conceal the reality under the guise of "free emigration."

The Earl of Clarendon, in the House of Lords on the 11th ult., said: "There was no doubt that a contract had been entered into by the French Government with a certain commercial firm to supply negroes for the French colonies, which only received the sanction of the French Government on condition that it was to be *bona fide* a free emigration." But he tersely and truly added: "There could be no such thing as a free emigration from Africa." The English Government had itself tried the experiment, sixteen years ago, and the plan had utterly and entirely failed. Nor could it succeed under any circumstances. This is an announcement to the world, on the authority of the House of English Lords, that France has virtually reëstablished the slave trade. The extract below, from the Earl of Clarendon's speech, will show the reason why it was deemed of sufficient importance to become the subject of debate:

After describing the competition which this mode of supplying the French colonies with negroes was creating between the contractors and the regular slave-dealers, and the manner in which the native tribes enter into the excitement, the speaker continued:

"But we would remind their lordships that it was putting a stop to that legitimate and prosperous trade which, within the last few years, had sprung up on the coast of Africa in almost every locality in which the slave trade had been carried on, and by which the natives of Africa were greatly benefited. In the spring of this year he (the Earl of Clarendon) received two despatches on this subject, which were of such great interest, and contained such full and valuable information as to the trade in palm oil, that he did not wait to have them published in the regular course, but laid them at once upon the table of their lordships' House (hear, hear). Since that time he had ascertained that the trade at Lagos in palm oil had increased 50 per cent, and now amounted to upwards of £2,000,000 a year. But the whole of this rising trade and this increasing trade prosperity of the Africans was now threatened with destruction if this system were carried on (hear, hear). There were now extensive preparations for war being made in all the countries from which the slaves were brought."

The pith of the objection seems to be the jeopardy of *the trade in palm oil*, rather than considerations of humanity or religion. So, humanity, or what has worn its livery, is becoming politic; and national interest is purging out a costly, ill-founded and impracticable religious enthusiasm from the native land of this most widespread heresy, in regard to negro slavery, that has lighted up the torch of domestic discord in these States, and even threatens the demolition of the fabric of our constitutional government.

Northern mind is more readily influenced by European, more particularly English, sentiment than is generally supposed. Is it, then, an improbable supposition, even at this period of domestic conflict, that more liberal, more constitutional opinion and action on this vexed subject are likely to be exhibited by not only the more temperate portion of the free States, but also by those which seem at present the very hot-beds of anti-slavery zeal?

This article has reached a length which precludes the notice of reaction at the North; but that it has commenced is apparent to all who coolly and intelligently scan current events. It is manifested in the results of popular elections, in the increasing number of able productions of Northern pens in favour of Southern slavery, and in many other modes. It were well for the South cautiously to observe the favourable as well as the unfavourable omens of the future.

SECOND EXPULSION OF MR. STRICKLAND FROM MOBILE.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Herald.

MOBILE, Jan. 8th.

THE advent in our city of Wm. Strickland, the abolition bookseller, at a time of so much excitement relative to the invasion of Nicaragua by the United States forces, has created a new outlet of indignation. A meeting was anonymously advertised in this morning's paper, at the Ampitheatre, "to consider a subject of vital importance."

Accordingly a large number assembled at 11 o'clock to-day. Dr. Woodcock, the leader in Strickland's first expulsion, was called to preside, and speeches of an exciting character were made by him and Dr. J. W. Moore, an old citizen of the county—the latter first proposing to include Mrs. Strickland as an equally dangerous character, disavowing any want of gallantry to the sex, and recommending that she also, in the most gentlemanly and polite manner, be invited to leave the city.

Strickland had been allowed to remain here a week or more to arrange his affairs, unmolested, being "left alone severely," by our citizens; but when it began to be suspected that his real object in visiting Mobile was to get up a party of sympathizers, and attempt to open business here again—having sold out his interest in Milwaukee to Upson—or, in the event of failure, to get up an excitement and again martyrize himself at the North, which, it is alleged, was apparent from his manner, his defiant and threatening letters to members of the committee previous to his arrival, and the various stigmas cast upon the honoured deceased, Judge Lecesue. When these facts became known, a feeling of deep indignation was aroused; and on Tuesday last he was warned by several of our most prominent citizens to leave the city—the step being considered necessary to his own safety. Had he done so at once, the excitement would have passed away; but the next day it was rumoured he had addressed a note to one of those gentlemen, expressing his determination to remain—thus adding fuel to the fire.

On Thursday the excitement was intense, and at night the "Luna-bugs" were out in full force—any one of whom would not have tolerated Strickland's presence for a moment.

To allay the excitement it was thought best by our more moderate citizens to call a public meeting, although many were opposed to it, as tending to accomplish the very object Strickland had in view—notoriety and capital at the North—and as attaching too much importance to the matter.

A meeting was, however, called, and upon assembling it was announced that the committee had satisfactory evidence that Strickland was not in the city or county of Mobile, and an adjournment was moved. But this did not satisfy the "Luna-bugs," and a decisive "No" was the response, with calls for an expression of opinion. An organization was effected as above, and Dr Woodcock, a member of the old committee, stated that a full report of the old committee, which had been suppressed for obvious reasons, would probably soon be published.

He reviewed the action of that committee, and brought to light some facts not generally known, among which was the fact only hinted at by your correspondent at the time, that Strickland is indebted solely to that committee for his own life; that a party were out with all the accessories for a "swing," and were only prevented from accomplishing their purpose by threats from the committee.

Resolutions were adopted expelling Strickland from the city and State, and politely requesting Mrs. Strickland also to leave the city, as it was suspected that she was trying to get up a party to sustain her husband's impertinence.

It is now known that Strickland went up the railroad in the disguise of a labourer on Wednesday.

FREE-LOVERS, MORMONS AND BLACK REPUBLICANS.

[From that vehicle of lies and smut, The N. Y. Herald.]

But the most remarkable fact in reference to all these social free-love reforms is their active sympathy with the abolition heresies of the North. Our spiritualistic societies and free-love conventicles are pretty much the same thing. The Fourierite phalanx system, though it recognised the promiscuous freedom of the sexes, had for its special purpose the delightful object of making "labour attractive." Their plan was a great free-love establishment—a great farm, a community system of property, constant work for their weak-headed brothers and strong-minded sisters, and a life of ease and luxury for the managers of the concern. Several phalanxes of this sort—each upon a large scale—were put in motion in our Northern States some fifteen years ago; but they have all since collapsed and faded away. The founders thereof, however, have, from that day to this, under various forms and disguises, still held fast to their original ideas of social reformation.

Thus, while Brisbane and Andrews have degenerated into the doctrines of the Berlin free-lovers, Horace Greeley and his immediate colleagues, of the Fourier philosophy, after trying spiritualism, the Rochester knockings, women's rights, &c., have settled down upon the comprehensive social reforms involved in the abolition of African slavery. And why not? Get up a National Abolition Convention, and it will be certain to embody the leading spirits of Fourierism, free loveism, women's rights, amalgamation, nigger equality, whites and niggers, of both sexes and of various colours, all perfectly harmonious upon the great fundamental principles of negro emancipation, human rights and women's rights.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the leading Black Republican journals of the North, with the prospect of an early extinction of the Kansas humbug, should now, in their sympathies for the Mormons, find a new ground of hostility to the Administration. Mormon polygamy is the essential element of Fourierism, spiritualism and free-love, in the boldest and most successful practical application that spiritualist, free-love or Fourierite could desire. It is very natural, then, that the correspondents of our Black Republican organs, following in the wake of the army marching upon Utah, should misrepresent and falsify the facts of the campaign, in order to throw discredit and reproach upon the Administration, whose object is to suppress or expel the nuisance of Mormonism. On the other hand, excepting the spirit of abolitionism and all its abominable affinities, it is sufficient for the Administration that the universal sentiment of all parties and sections is with the army *en route* to the Great Salt Lake.

METHODISM AND SLAVERY.

DURING the sessions of the Mississippi Conference at Brandon, Bishop Early presented the resolutions of the Alabama Conference recommending the striking out of the general rule against "selling men, women and children," etc. The conference concurred in the amendment by a vote of 70 to 7. A correspondent of the *Mississippian* wishes to know who were the seven dissenting.—*Memphis Appeal.*

We join the correspondent of the *Mississippian*, in asking who were the seven dissenting. We want to know the names of the seven *abolition* preachers who live and fatten upon the people of Mississippi. It is due to the high standing and character of the Methodist Church that the seven negro-worshippers should be exposed and held up to the scorn and condemnation of every honest man. We have no use for Abolitionists in our State; there is no room for them, and their presence should and will not be tolerated. If we can get the names of the *immortal* seven, we will promise to give them an advertisement free of cost, which will make them known all over the country. We have fully determined to show no favour to any Abolitionist, no matter what position he may hold, and we shall always denounce, in unmeasured terms, such characters as vile reptiles, who ought to be driven from the land. We ask our brethren of the press throughout the State to join with us in calling the names of the seven dissenters.—*Oxford Mercury.*

We add our feeble voice to yours, brother *Mercury*, and would like to see the seven names in full "bold face." Ferret them out and expose them, that the people may know who are opposed to buying and selling slaves in Mississippi.—*Panola (Miss.) Star, Jan. 13.*

Selections.

CHRISTIANITY THE BASIS OF REFORM.

LETTER TO ARNOLD BUFFUM, EAGLESWOOD, NEW JERSEY.

From The (Cincinnati) Christian Leader.

IT is so long a time, until very recently, since I have seen your name in the newspapers, that I supposed you had left the field of battle, and gone into retiracy at Eagleswood with your friends, Theodore Weld and the late Mr. Birney.

Do you remember, while doing business in Philadelphia some twenty years ago, a venerable, bareheaded man who came into your store one day to purchase a hat? He was a Presbyterian elder and a Commissioner to the General Assembly then in session in that city. At some gathering or other, some one by mistake had taken his hat and left him none in the place of it; and in this hatless condition, he walked down Chestnut street, until he accidentally, or rather *providentially*, entered your store. After furnishing him with the article he wanted, and learning that he was a member of the General Assembly, you kindly presented him with a copy of "Phelps's Lectures on Slavery." The old gentleman took it with thanks and departed. After the adjournment of the Assembly, he set out on his journey homewards, and before he had crossed the Alleghanies (which was done, you know, at that time by canal and railroad), the book had converted him into an Abolitionist. As soon as he arrived at his home, which was in Harrison County, O., with the spirit of young Melancthon, he began to impart the truth he had received to others. He gave the book to his preacher, the Rev. Jacob Coon. He read it also, and was converted. But his conversion was not a regeneration. After one or two battles right bravely fought, he has gone back to the flesh-pots of Egypt, and is at this moment luxuriating on the leeks and onions there, "the same old coon." So sure is a slaveholding Church to deaden the anti-slavery sentiment by its influence! But the old elder had backbone. He still lives and acts on the right side of the question. I had the pleasure of an interview with him some years since, when I received from his own lips the history of which the above is an outline.

Well, that piece of bread which you cast upon the waters when you made the present of "Phelps's Lectures on Slavery" did not perish. It developed the latent Christian principle in the congregation with which the old man was connected, and there is now there, and has been for ten years, a flourishing Free Presbyterian Church, at present under the care of the Rev. Daniel Craig. As I trust you are a Christian, you will admire with me, in this little episode, the wonderful workings of that Divine Providence that rules over all, and includes all, events.

I read, a short time since, in THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD of New York—that model newspaper which makes its weekly visits to my household—an article over your signature, headed "World Reformatory Society," and addressed to the editor of the *Christian Inquirer*. I have read the communication with great interest and pleasure. World Reformatory Society! Surely you aim bigh enough, but not higher than the conception of the angels on the plains of Bethlehem, when they announced the advent of the Saviour of the world, and exclaimed, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will to men." I am delighted to see that, like my humble self, you regard Christianity, in its practical application to the *material interests* of the human family, no less than the spiritual and intellectual, the grand remedy for all the woes of this suffering world. The Socialists of France, England, and the United States, are groping around in the dark in search of a cure for the admitted evils of society, "willingly ignorant" of the fact that Christianity is the Divine remedy. They have received a heart-scald at the narrow and confined views of most professing Christians, and have arrived at the conclusion that no good can come to this subject out of Nazareth. My dear sir, in organizing a World Reformatory Society, have you counted the cost of the effort? Who will cooperate with you? All the professing Christians of the land ought to do so, but will they? The most of the clergy have repudiated the idea that Christianity has anything to do with *this world*. Eternity, eternity, is the burden of their preaching. Even the Sabbath, which the "Lord of the Sabbath" said was made for man, and not man for it, is considered too holy to discuss any theme which involves material interests—as if the condition of a man in eternity did not depend entirely upon his previous character and condition in this world! I believe with you, and glory in the belief, that "when the whole human family shall be brought to stand on this platform, and the Gospel of Jesus Christ shall be proclaimed to all nations, as he commanded, all social and moral evil will flee from before it as chaff before the wind." But what a Herculean task lies before you! The practical acknowledgment of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, so clearly inculcated in the Gospel, would soon melt the chains of the American slave, and throw back the dungeon-doors of Europe, and liberate thousands of innocent victims to wrong. It would equalize the condition of men, and distribute among all the children of the human family those gifts which the universal Father designed for all, but which are now in the hands of only a few. Some of your heaviest blows must fall upon the curse of *land monopoly*, which, in defiance of the genius of our institutions, and the spirit of Christianity, extends so widely in this country where you propose to inaugurate the movement. The lineal descendants of the old conservative Athenians, who accused Paul with being a Revolutionist, a turner of the world upside down, are still in existence among us. They would bring the same charge against you, and you would be as open to the objection as Paul was; for indeed the world *is* wrong side up; and if we could only turn it upside down, things would be right. Land monopoly is the parent of pride and hardness of heart to him who is guilty of it; and of poverty and meanness of spirit to those who are the victims of it. There are some vices in the world, very few in number, however, that are bastards, born of fornication. But poverty is the honest and legitimate mother of a troop whose name is legion, for they are many. Poverty affects the body. It breeds scrofulous humours by giving children their birth and early training in cellars, alleys, and dens, where a decent farmer would be ashamed to raise swine.

A friend of mine, who lately visited the orphan's home in Philadelphia on an errand of mercy, saw some hundreds of children, and, among them all, could only notice a few who were bodily sound and well developed. Low intellectual and moral developments, sore eyes, sore ears, deformed limbs, the loss of all control over the spincter muscles, satisfaction with filth: all these and more were the legitimate effects of poverty. By what authority, I ask, in the name of God and humanity, are immortal beings born and surrounded by such conditions as these, in a land whose professed religion teaches that God is the Father of us all, and that all we are brethren? The Bible says, "the destruction of the poor is their poverty." O, what a text! But did you ever hear a sermon from it? O, no. Because to discuss the prolific theme, we must look into the *poor* and *criminal* rates of the country, and inquire into the *cause* and *cure* of the evil; and that belongs to *this world, and not to the other*. I have no doubt, my dear sir, that if all the clergy of the United States understood the "glorious Gospel of the Son of God" in its humanizing, equalizing and elevating effects upon the condition of men, and would preach it intelligibly to their hearers, and see that it was exemplified in the lives of those professing Christianity, all the giant evils in society, over which good men mourn, would soon disappear. If instead of making the Gospel a drawling lullaby of sweetness, they would make it the mighty power of God upon the earth, as the Apostles did, the devil's kingdom would be soon overthrown. What the world wants and groans for is an *application* of the remedy which we have had in possession eighteen hundred years. It is vexatious, therefore, and provoking, I admit, to see thirty thousand ministers of the Gospel in the United States, or rather physicians to administer a remedy, and yet the disease rages, and its victims are numbered by the million. And while these terrific scenes are being enacted, thousands of the physicians entrusted with the remedy are going round and round, in their pulpit exhibitions, like a blind horse in a bark mill. Why, one of them occupied a whole hour on the Sabbath, some time ago, by showing how old Lazarus of Bethany was when he died!

You hold and I hold that it is in strict analogy with the doings of the Almighty in the natural world that he has allowed mankind to suffer on, while they have the *remedy* for all their evils. The coal-beds and strata of minerals, so necessary to the uses of man, could never have been reached by him where they were originally formed. God, therefore, by the earthquake and other subterranean powers, raised them to the surface. But man must make all the tools necessary to quarry out the material. He must employ labour and skill in doing his part. So all that Heaven will do has been done in the announcement of the remedy, and the organization of a plan to apply it. But the application of it is our work; and because we do it not, humanity groans with the whole creation, waiting to be delivered!

Now, why might you not get the science of *Sociology* discussed and understood, as the subject of Natural Theology was in England some years ago, by the efforts of the Earl of Bridgewater? Why not establish a fund to pay men of acknowledged talents, and learning, and religion, to give a course of systematic lectures on this theme? Suppose you assign to A. "The Relation of Christianity to the Mercantile Virtues"; to B. "The Doctrine of Christianity in Regard to Labour"; to C. "The Teachings of Christianity as to the Position of *Woman*, Contemplated in her Relations to the Family, the Church and the State"; to D. "The Bearings of Christianity on the Political Relations of Man and the Province of the Legislature"; to E. "Christianity in Relation to Land Monopoly"; to F. "The Rights of Man as to Personal Liberty, Employment and Property." This is a mere glance at the themes that might be discussed after the manner of the Bridgewater Treatises; and the light shed upon them would extend its influence to the clergy, the Legislature and the people.

I was afraid that Eagleswood was a kind of anti-slavery "Hotel des Invalides," or Greenwich Hospital for the comfortable decline of old veterans, who have been crippled in the war of freedom. But I am happy to see in this movement of a World Reformatory Society that it is not a Hospital, but an *armory* for manufacturing weapons to be used in the great struggle for bringing this world under obedience to Christ.

Forgive the liberty of an old friend and co-worker, in placing your name, without your leave, at the head of this article. B.

DEMOCRACY AGAINST CHRISTENDOM.

From John P. Hale's late Speech in the Senate.

THIS brings me to another part of my subject, in answer to a question which the honourable Senator from Illinois (Mr. Douglas) propounded when he asked if he was to be read out of the party for a difference on this point. I have great regard for the sagacity of that honourable Senator, but I confess it was a little shaken when he asked that question: is a man to be read out of the party for departing from the President on this great cardinal point? Why, sir, he asks, is a man who differs from the President on the Pacific Railroad to go out of the party? Oh, no, he may stay. If he differs on Central America, very good; take the first seat, if you please. You may differ with the President on anything and everything but one, and that is this sentiment which I shall read; Mr. Buchanan shall speak his own creed. On the 19th of August, 1842, in the Senate, Mr. Buchanan used this language:

"I might here repeat what I have said on a former occasion"—you see it was so important he must repeat it—

—"that all Christendom"—

mark the words—

—"is leagued against the South upon this question of domestic slavery."

All Christendom includes a great many people. If that be true, and you have got any allies, it is manifest they must be outside of Christendom (laughter)—because Mr. Buchanan says all Christendom is against you; but still he leaves you some allies, and you will see—it is as plain as demonstration can make it—that your allies are not included in Christendom. Where are the allies? I will read the next sentence:

"They have no other allies to sustain their constitutional rights except the Democracy of the North."

There is a fight for you: all Christendom on one side, and the Democracy of the North on the other (laughter). That is not my version; it is Mr. Buchanan's. That is the way he backs his friends; for he went on, after having made this avowal, to claim peculiar consideration from Southern gentlemen, and intimated that he might speak a little more freely, having previously endorsed them so highly as this. Well, sir, when all Christendom was on one side, and the Democracy of the North on the other, and the Democracy of the North growing less and less every day—a small minority in the New England States—how could the Senator from Illinois be so unkind, or how could he doubt, if, on this vital question, he deserted the Democracy and went over to Christendom (laughter), as to how the question would be answered whether he was to be read out of the party? Read out, sir! That question was settled long ago. On this great vital question he is out of the party.

I would not say anything unkind to that Senator, nor would I say anything uncourteous in the world; but my experience in the country life of New England does present to my mind an illustration which I know he will excuse me if I give it. A neighbour of mine had a very valuable horse. The horse was taken sick, and he tried all the ways in the world to cure him, but it was of no avail. The horse grew worse daily. At last one of his neighbours said: "What are you going to do with the horse?" "I do not know," was the reply; "but I think I shall have to kill him." "Well," said the other, "he does not want much killing" (laughter). You see, in ordinary times, and on ordinary questions, a little wavering might be indulged; but when it is on one question, and a great vital question, and all Christendom is on the one side, and the Northern Democracy on the other, to go over from the ranks of the Democracy to swell the swollen ranks of Christendom, and then ask if he is to be read out! I leave that point (laughter).

FREE LABOUR IN MISSOURI.

[From the Speech of BENJAMIN GRATZ BROWN, at a Mass Meeting of the Free Democracy of St. Louis.]

I HAVE addressed myself thus far, my Democratic friends, to the consideration of Federal politics. There are, however, matters here at home in Missouri, and especially in St. Louis, that likewise demand the earnest attention of all. In the resolutions which have been already adopted by you with so much unanimity—adopted with only one dissenting voice in this vast assembly—you have renewed your fealty and testified your devotion to the cause of free labour. You have affirmed that it embodies the truths that lie at the foundation of Republican Government; that the movement which promises to secure Missouri fully to the industry and occupancy of a white yeomanry will find in you its staunchest adherents; that the rights of the working man to the encouragement and protection of his labour, without degrading and servile competition, "should be first in the eye of the law," and have pledged yourselves to zealous coöperation for infusing such a policy in our State Government. In all this you have displayed at once the sagacity to appreciate true elements of social strength, and courage to maintain the rights and interests of the masses of the people. The welfare of every community must repose upon the labour of that community. Labour itself is the democracy of life, and free labour and free democracy are synonymous terms. It is only social drones, or gilded aristocrats, who make sport of its toil and mock at its self-elevation. It can with justice, therefore, claim to be first in the eye of the law, and to be relieved from degrading, servile competition. Freedom is its native air. Strip it of its title to respect, brand it with the brand of degradation, let it once be classed or associated with slavery, and the fine spirit that gives buoyancy to its effort is gone. Free labour and slave labour are incompatible institutions; one or the other must dominate and banish its rival. You have to choose which you will prefer—upon which you will rest the liberties of yourselves and those who are to come after you. But why need I speak such palpable truths in such presence? Around me everywhere are reared the monuments which attest the enterprise and record the triumphs of the free labour of the working men who have built up this great city. It is in their behalf that I claim immunity for them from contact with bondsmen.

It was mature reflection of this character and a firm conviction of the evils that resulted to our State, not less than to our city, that first impelled the people of St. Louis to enter their solemn protest against the perpetuity of slavery in Missouri. With boldness that won the applause of the whole country, in the face of abuse, and calumny and misrepresentation, in defiance of the slurs of journalism, and the timidities of parties, they proclaimed their devotion to the cause of free labour, and they indorsed their proclamation with a victory, the very announcement of which thrilled with delight as it leaped from city to city. It was voiced abroad with an emphasis that had never attached to any preceding municipal contest here, and the echo came back to us reverberating with a thousand fold increased volume. It gave your people place in many hearts that before had looked upon them as false to the living principles of free government, and, like bread cast upon the waters, returned again, giving renewed growth, vitality and advancement to your metropolis. Who shall tell the infinite benefits which that fearless enunciation has already conferred? Go throughout every central State of this Union, go to the far villages of the North, among its workshops and manufactories, go even to the South among the labouring men, who are prospecting for new homes, and when it is known that you are from St. Louis, the question most frequently asked you will be concerning the free labour movement in Missouri. Will it succeed, and how long first? What are you doing toward its progress? Such and similar interrogatories will meet you everywhere. And the inquiry that has been thus aroused has already added thousands to the population of the State within the year—the very cream of the industrial excess and swarming migration of the older States. At the first signal from yourselves that their labour would be both protected and respected here they have hurried to take up their abode in a land so full of future development as this. Pass into the interior and witness your highways trailed by emigrant wagons laden with implements of agriculture, and household furniture, and sturdy children, going to build up homesteads that will all be tributary to the wealth of this city. Witness along the Iowa line new counties doubling in population from January to January again, and along the Arkansas line large colonies locating in every available section. Consult the land-offices and see where hundreds of thousands of acres were lately open for preëmption, now scarce a tract remains—acres that had been in the market so long that they were reduced under the graduation law to the minimum price of twelve-and-a-half cents, and that are now swept away from the register by the influx of a single year. Estimate the travel on your rivers resulting from safe and unimpeded transit to neighbouring territories along the border, and set down the additions made to commerce, not less than the direct profit to vessels. Examine the ledgers of your merchants for the balances paid for supplies, and note that likewise in the account. Do all this and you will have some faint idea of the advantages which have accrued to the city and the State, Millions of dollars would not cover the amount, and time will add to rather than dissipate the impressions. You have made, citizens, only a beginning, it is true, in the great work; but it has been one that has had no parallel elsewhere. The expression you have already given to the earnest thought which lies deep in the soul of every true man who values his social elevation has gone forth conquering and to conquer. With us in this city it has become so far the dominant sentiment that none dare meet it openly in encounter, or array themselves for its overthrow. Those who from selfish motives oppose this behest of the working masses of the people do it clandestinely, and under cover of other purposes. The public press that reviled it at the outset has been driven to silence, and, though harbouring enmity in secret, only ventures to strike at your municipal control by repeating its old vulture call of "citizen tickets," thus to gather its harpies under the wing. It would gladly find, which I trust it never will find, some traitor to free soil and free labour, under the shadow of whose name it might deal a stab, and whose fame it would leave to *rot* when the foul deed and double treachery should be accomplished. Openly and outwardly, however, the preëminence here of the policy of slavery extinction none can question. Throughout the State, too, it numbers its adherents in every hamlet and village by scores and hundreds. In all the towns along your railroads, in the reading rural districts, in the populous settlements that fringe your rivers; wherever, in short, intelligence penetrates with celerity, its progress has been rapid and emphatic. In twenty counties of the interior it is at the present time largely in the ascendant, and needs only the issue to be made to give it an indorsement at the polls. In the three counties contiguous to this, two-thirds of the voting population are identified with the principle, and will sustain it to the last. Much has already been done by it toward redeeming public sentiment and discouraging hostile border inroads upon the neigbouring territory, and some of the former strongholds of servile fanaticism are gradually yielding to the spirit of its conquest. The capital of our State itself contains a large and influential number of inhabitants who are boldly engaged in pioneering the path of white industry, and inviting there free, independent artisans, and mechanics to build up the seats of future manufacturing establishments. Two of the most flourishing cities in Missouri, along the Kansas frontier, are fast wedding themselves to a faith in the advantages, both social and industrial, that follow the tide of white emigration and attend upon the substitution of free labour. These things constitute in part the results of the first year. Am I over-bold in saying, then, that it is a noble instauration you have given to the movement? And will you quail now from the task? Is there a man among you all whose courage deserts him after so auspicious an opening? Shall it ever be said that you had the boldness to conceive, but not the firmness to persist? Citizens of St. Louis, it nearly touches your honour that such reproach should never attach to your name. Your credit abroad, not less than your welfare at home, demand that, having put your shoulder to the work, you should prosecute it with undaunted resolution. A nation is looking upon your deeds, and millions of men will shout out a scornful rebuke should you turn and flee. You stand in the breach. Yours is the signal honour of leading in this stern conflict to emancipate your own people from the galling yoke of slave competition. To your hands is committed the future destiny of Missouri, and you are charged to roll back the tide of African propagandism, and give her virgin soil and vast resources to the untrammelled and untarnished industry of the white race. Can you, will you, dare you hesitate in such a cause, or blench in fear from such an issue? No, never. I shall not believe it, so long as I see such a swaying multitude as that before me rallying to the call of the Free Democracy, and such enthusiasm kindling into outbreak at the echo of the words "Free Labour and Reform."

MR. BLAIR'S PLAN OF EMANCIPATION.

From The Evening Post.

A SPECTACLE might have been witnessed in Congress on Thursday last (Jan. 14) which has not been paralleled in this generation. The representative of a slave State (Francis P. Blair, Jr. of St. Louis), elected as the avowed friend of emancipation by the most wealthy slaveholding constituency in the country, rose in his seat to denounce slave labour as enfeebling, exhausting and demoralizing, and to beg the government to assist in providing an asylum in Central America for the freed negro, as preliminary to a general scheme of emancipation. Such was substantially the scope and purpose of the first speech made in Congress by the new representative from the city of St. Louis. Mr. Blair, our readers will remember, was elected to Congress as the leader of the emancipation movement in Missouri, and has been for years past an unrelenting foe to the extension of slavery in the Territories. He was sent to Washington to do what he could towards maturing some scheme by which his own State, and such others as were similarly disposed, might remove the most serious obstacle to the substitution of free for slave labour, and attract foreign emigration. The first step in such a movement, of course, is to get rid of the slaves, for the better class of operatives will shun a country where labour is mainly performed by a degraded caste. But then rises the question: Suppose we raise money and purchase their freedom, what shall we do then? It is impossible to set several hundred thousand idle, ignorant negroes at large among us, without trades, without thrifty habits, indisposed to labour, and from their necessities and dependence under constant temptation to steal. It would be destruction to them and to us, and, unless some suitable provision can be made for them, emancipation in Missouri, and perhaps in all the other slave States, is for the present, and for an indefinite number of years to come, utterly impracticable. How, then, is emancipation to be made practicable? In other words, what provision can and ought to be made for the negro when restored to the rights, without the capacities, of manhood? It was to answer this question that Mr. Blair's speech was mainly devoted; and the proposal of Gen. Quitman to modify the Neutrality laws, as he believed, and as we believe, for the purpose of increasing the facilities, or at least of diminishing the obstacles to planting slavery in Central America and the West India islands, furnished him with the occasion. He is opposed to extending slavery anywhere, and thinks, with Mr. Thayer, that the surest way of preventing its extension to the tropics is by preoccupying the ground with free labour. The free negroes, and those to be freed, are just the persons to be sent as pioneers in such a colonization. While, as a class, they are worse than useless here in the United States, there they would be of incalculable benefit both to the country and to the white emigrant, who, without acclimation, would be unfitted for the toil to which the negro seems physically adapted by nature. They would there find, too, a climate and soil which do not furnish the improvident and unthrifty with long winters and reluctant crops. They would always have enough to sustain life in any part of Central America, however ignorant or idle they might be, without resorting to theft, while their superior capacity to endure labour in hot climates would give them at least one important advantage in the competition with the white emigrant, which they do not possess in any of the free States of this Confederacy.

Mr. Blair proposes that as fast as the slaves are emancipated they should be colonized in some part of Central America—emigration being, we presume, a condition of emancipation—and that they be protected there in the enjoyment of republican institutions by our government. He shows that the more far-sighted American statesmen have always looked to some such provision as this for the gradual emancipation of the slaves of the United States, and the time for such a movement is now, he thinks, eminently propitious.

Mr. Blair's speech is evidently the fruit of much reflection, and has the advantage over most propositions for the amelioration of the blacks, that it comes from one who has spent all his life in the slave States and Territories; who is, we presume, a slaveholder; who represents, as we have already said, perhaps the wealthiest slaveholding constituency in the country, and who, therefore, may be presumed not only to understand the subject which he discusses very thoroughly, but who speaks and acts under a responsibility which weighs upon no citizen of a free State. Such a speech from such a quarter marks an era in the history of this Republic; and whether the remedy he proposes for what, if Providence did not order all things wisely, we should consider its great misfortune, be the true one or not, it is certain to give a prominence to that misfortune which will go on increasing until the true remedy is found.

THE LONDON TIMES AND THE BRITISH WEST INDIES.

From The New York Times.

ON the 19th December, the London *Times* published a leading article on the feasibility and propriety of supplying the British West Indies with free emigrant labour from the East Indies, or the Coast of Africa, in the course of which the philanthropists of Exeter Hall were somewhat tartly taken to task for the alleged disastrous results of their experiment of emancipation upon the prosperity of the British Antilles. Declamation is a dangerous luxury for journalists as well as for statesmen, and the passion of sonorous periods betrayed the writer in the *Times* into some extravagances of assertion in regard to the actual proclivity of the public mind of England, which were naturally followed in the issue of the 20th by the antidote of a second leader, retracting the most incautious propositions of the first, and dwelling with a more conspicuous emphasis upon the opportunity afforded by the condition of the British West Indian colonies for a successful demonstration that "the culture of the tropics by free labour is not the impossibility which the partisans of slavery represent." Powerful as is the position of the London *Times*, and keen as are the temptations which the possession of all power holds out to the indulgence of independent whims and the utterance of inconsiderate opinions, yet the popular feeling and the cultivated conviction of England are far too unanimously committed against the whole scheme of human bondage to make it at all safe for any one who aspires to reach the national ear to trifle with the British sentiments upon that subject. If England forbears to echo the decisive declaration of the Paris *Siècle*, "that the support of slavery has annihilated the moral influence of the United States in the world," it is only because England is, on the whole, better informed than France of the actual condition of public feeling in this country, and of the great issues now pending between the advocates of Americanism, on the one hand, and of serfdom on the other—between the friends of freedom and the Union and the rabid enthusiasts of disunion and of slavery.

But while the London *Times* hastens to set itself right on the abstract question of the relations of labour with the law, it continues to lament the economical results of the Parliament of 1830, and to deplore the decline, as well comparative as absolute, of the British West Indies. But this jeremiad of our cotemporary seems to us to be at once somewhat over-vehement and somewhat indiscriminate. The history of the British West Indies since 1830 is yet to be written out in a fair, accurate and available form, and we can conceive of no contribution to economical and political science more imperatively needed or more likely to be useful than such a history would be. The arguments and appeals for which these islands are constantly made responsible are almost invariably drawn from the trade reports alone, and in most cases only from those of the trade reports which relate to the two Islands of Jamaica and Trinidad. Now, while it is quite certain that a retrograde movement has taken place in the productive capacity of Jamaica under freedom, quite as decided as the lapse from fertility into barbarism of Eastern Virginia, and while it seems probable that the resources of Trinidad have been no more rapidly developed than those of Southern Missouri, it is at the same time true that Barbadoes and Guiana have exhibited since 1830 a conspicuous improvement in the elements of wealth and progress. Those who pronounce the experiment of freedom in the West Indies a failure must take the trouble to reconcile these conflicting phenomena before they can expect the world to accept their conclusions as final; and they must do much more than this.

On a careful comparison of the trade of the various West Indian Islands with this country, for instance, at different periods, before and since the passage of the emancipation act of 1830 by England, we find ourselves confronted by some curious results. During the ten years of slavery which preceded 1830, the value of our trade with the British West Indies, both in exports and imports, was, in round numbers, $20,500,000. During the ten years of freedom which preceded 1850, the same trade had risen to $40,000,000, being an *increase* of 100 *per cent.* in 20 years. Our trade with the Dutch West Indies, for the same epochs (these Islands having enjoyed the "advantages" of slavery during the whole time), stood as follows:

1820-30.....$13,000,000 | 1840-50.....$7,000,000

equivalent, that is, to a *decrease* of about 90 *per cent.* Nor is this all. The increase of our trade with the British West Indies was mainly an increase in our exports to these Islands, which would seem to indicate a corresponding increase in the consuming ability of the Islands, while the heaviest falling off in our trade with the slaveholding Dutch Islands is found in their exports to us, and would seem, therefore, to indicate a decrease of that productive power which the "partisans of slavery" rely upon their system to insure and foster.

The actual development of the slaveholding Spanish West Indies, and particularly of Cuba, as compared with the British Islands, is also a matter worth looking into. In the ten years, 1820-'30, our trade with Cuba amounted to $120,000,000, six times the value, that is, of our cotemporaneous trade with the

follow him to his house in the environs of Columbia. On their arrival the General made them a jolly speech from the balcony of his house, and set the whiskey flowing, and, thus attracting their attention, had a row of stout stakes in the form of a semicircle driven round his "voters." For two weeks, pending the election, Gen. Adams kept these seventy "clay-eaters," with their skins full of whiskey, in his "new slave pen," as it was jocosely called at the time, ready to be marched out to the polls on the day of election.

Col. Preston's manner of "electioneering" was somewhat different. He did not calculate the chances with quite so professional an eye, but reckoned that a more liberal expenditure in a more popular way would serve his turn quite as well. Accordingly, he gave all the rum-mills in the district directions to supply every man who called with liquor of every kind and in any quantity, at his (the Colonel's) expense. Nor did he stop here. All the grocers and provision dealers in the city of Columbia were ordered to charge to him all the common articles of family consumption called for by any legal voter in the district. For days previous to the election, two-horse teams came into the city from all quarters, and went away loaded with molasses, flour, sugar, spices, salt, nails, and every article needed for plantation or family use. One needy customer came *three times*, and went away each time with a two-horse load of flour, molasses, &c. All this took place with the utmost boldness, and only went beyond the usual system of bribery and corruption in its universality and publicity.

Election-day came at length. General Adams marched his phalanx of whiskey-skins, flanked on either side and pressed on in the rear by those of his supporters who were allowed a little more liberty of action, directly up to the polls, and saw them, staggering under the weight of their responsibilities, deposit the ballot prepared for them in the box destined for its reception. But, somebow, his calculations were wrong, and the General failed of an election by a few votes. Colonel Preston was duly elected, and gave a grand levee at his mansion the next evening, where not only whiskey, but champagne and the choicer wines were rolled into the vast saloons and gardens by scores of negroes. The banquet is described by those who witnessed it as surpassing any accounts of Roman or Eastern feasts which have reached our day. In due time the Legislature assembled, and consoled the defeated general by electing him Governor of the State by a large majority.

And so General Adams came to be Governor Adams, and to have it in his power to write a message declaring that the State of Massachusetts was not entitled to Christian treatment from the pure little State of South Carolina.

The above needs no comment. Let it stand as a plain statement of facts, illustrating the ignorance, brutality and degradation which necessarily grow out of the "peculiar" and accursed institution.

WASHINGTON NEWS AND GOSSIP.

Correspondence of The Philadelphia Bulletin.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22, 1858.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs has agreed to report a bill to pay for the Amistad negroes. Mr. Douglas voted for it. They have also agreed to report a bill approving of the conduct of Commodore Paulding in capturing Walker and his men. Mr. Douglas voted against this.

Correspondence of The Herald.

The case of the seat of Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, contested by Mr. Vallandingham, involves a knotty question—the right of negroes to vote. Mr. Campbell polled a considerable number of votes from coloured persons, whom his opponent contends possess no right of suffrage. The debate, therefore, will certainly open a number of old sores, and a thorough re-discussion on the principles of the Dred Scott decision, and the rights, privileges, virtues and qualifications of Sambo may be looked for.

Mr. Douglas has injured himself fatally by his course on the Kansas question. The South regard his tergiversation more in pity than anger, and the rumours which have appeared in the abolition press, as to the threats of personal violence against him on the part of Southern men, are all bosh. They have lost confidence in him, and he never can regain it—that is all. As a national man he exists no longer, though his unquestioned abilities will always give him prominence. But as a candidate for the Presidency his wick is snuffed out.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

WASHINGTON, Monday, Jan. 24, 1858.

While the President and his Northern friends in Congress stagger and shiver at sight of the Kansas load which they have been attempting to carry, the South stands with bold and united front, demanding the immediate admission of Kansas with the Lecompton Constitution. There is not the slightest probability of any backing from that quarter. With Southern men the game is a desperate one. They see that their last chance for a new slave State north of Texas is before them, and they are determined to make its attainment a test of party fealty. Mr. Buchanan has not, *prima facie*, the least disposition to desert them, if he can only see a reasonable chance of carrying the Lecompton scheme through by exertion of the power which he has husbanded for precisely this occasion.

But there's the rub. A few weeks ago success seemed as easy as "sliding off a log." Now that public sentiment in the free States has had time to make its voice heard here, Northern representatives in Congress begin to flinch significantly. As I telegraphed you to-night there are six New York Democrats who were counted down good for Lecompton, who have not yet been able to make up their minds to commit political suicide. The same is true of gentlemen from Pennsylvania, Illinois and Indiana—until it begins to be exceedingly doubtful whether many men from the free States can be induced to sustain the Lecompton swindle whose price is not so clearly stamped upon his back that it and his vote will illustrate cause and effect to all who choose to read.

Correspondence of The Philadelphia Press.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20, 1858.

THE inaugural address of Gov. Packer has been a death-blow to the Lecompton contrivance, which, after being toppled over by the masterly effort of Judge Douglas, was once more got upon its legs, and began to gain strength to totter along. Pregnant with meaning is the fact that the portion of the Democratic delegation in the House from Pennsylvania which was heretofore understood to support *The Union* view of the Kansas question now say that they have not decided on the vote they will give when the question comes up for decision. It is clear that a majority of the Democrats in the House will oppose the Lecompton Constitution.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21, 1858.

Lately there has been a palpable falling off from the ranks of the Lecomptonites. Even the Administration, I learn, hesitate to give any sanction to the present posture of affairs in Kansas, so far as it has been produced by the glaring frauds for a third time repeated at Oxford and McGhee.

Secretary Toucey begins to evince a wholesome regard for public opinion in the North, and in the stand which he is now understood to take, of at least some show of accord of legislative action here with the will of the majority in the Territory, he is not, I am led to believe, unsupported by Gen. Cass and the President himself.

When I state this, I only express what this morning is the general impression in town on Kansas affairs. It cannot be disguised that Southern politicians are tired of bolstering up the contrivance of Calhoun and his associates, and that—for they looked North for help to elevate them upon the ladder of preferment—they are not altogether satisfied with the damaging effect to their hopes of the impolitic conduct of a few rash, thoughtless and careless men in Kansas.

In this view, when defection is, if not winked at, not assaulted with the usual Southern fire, it is not to be wondered at if Northern Democrats, who have permitted themselves unwarily to go too far, should at once hurry to get upon safe ground, where they can give signs of recognition of the wishes of their constituents.

It is stated, I know, that the Houses of Congress have been canvassed, and that the Senate certainly, and the House of Representatives probably, will sustain the Lecompton Constitution; but the statement must be unfounded, for it is a matter of which those who are brought into contact with members cannot be ignorant that they are cautious of what they say in the way of committing themselves on this question.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18, 1858.

A North-Western Administration editor was in town Saturday, fresh from the people. He met one of his brethren, who has been here for some time, who said to him: "Our friends at home are acting madly; Lecompton will go through Congress—the Administration is for it, and I have been writing home that it must be supported by Western Democrats." "Then," replied the new-comer, "I advise you to stay in Washington. No man can live in the North-West who opposes Douglas or favours Lecompton!"

Several distinguished Ohio politicians are here just now—among them Payne, who came so near being Governor of Ohio, and the *Plaindealer*, Postmaster Gray. Some of these gentlemen had an interview with Senator Pugh on Saturday. He explains his course on the Kansas question in this fashion: his compromise bill was concocted by older heads than his; the President, among others, gave his assent to it, only with the provision that Lecompton, *without reference to the people*, should first be pushed with the utmost rigour, and the compromise accepted at last. Pugh says of his present position: "I am for my bill, but I believe in the right of instruction, and shall consequently vote with Senator Douglas, under protest."

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21, 1858.

The Administration are awfully confused about the news from Kansas, and don't know what to say, and at present are puzzled about what they shall do. It is a fact that men are already at work opposing the passage of the Calhoun swindle who were the chief concoctors of the whole scheme—who were in the Convention and helped to make the Constitution. This would indicate that the Administration will back down and let the Constitution be defeated, in order to prevent Robinson and Lane, or Robinson and Parrot, or Robinson and Adams (present Mayor of Leavenworth), from coming to the United States Senate.

But if the news is true, the Black Democracy need give themselves no uneasiness on the subject. The Republicans of the Territory will never organize under the Lecompton Constitution. They are preparing for a Constitution of their own. They have elected the State officers and members of the Legislature, and without their action the Constitution under which they are elected is a harmless instrument, even if Congress should pass it, which is now very doubtful. The Republicans and Douglasites will fight it at every point to the last. The Free State men have only elected officers under it to shield themselves against the wrong which the Administration have threatened to impose upon them against their expressed will.

Mr. Buchanan received the Lecompton Constitution and accompanying documents, including returns of election Dec. 21, yesterday morning, and was closeted all day yesterday with his private secretary, examining it and arranging his message thereon. There is a deal of speculation in court circles as to what effect the news from Kansas will have upon the mind of Mr. Buchanan. I have no doubt that anything to relieve him of responsibility will be welcome. Whether he will interpret the news this morning as a relief remains to be seen.

Of course, the new state of things will change my canvass of the House materially, in regard to the forthcoming vote in that branch on the Lecompton Constitution. I learn this morning that there are nine Democratic members in the Pennsylvania delegation who are opposed to Lecompton. This may be so, but I doubt it.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19, 1858.

Mr. Clay of Ala. reported his favourite scheme, from the Committee on Commerce, this morning, for the repeal of the fishing bounties. He has pursued this subject zealously for years, and is now likely to be rewarded for his pains. That sectional hostility is the prompting motive for his persistent devotion is not disguised. He hates the Free States and especially the New England States, and this is one of the modes of emphasizing what has grown to be a personal animosity. Ever since the foundation of the Government bounties have been extended to the hardy men engaged in the fisheries, upon the policy long cherished by such naval powers as England and France, that this encouragement furnished the reliable nucleus to extemporize a large navy upon in time of war. It is now to be abandoned and proscribed, for there is no Democracy left in New England, or at least none considered worth respecting here, to protest against the wrong.

And this is only the beginning of the end. A part of the policy of the South now is to wage a war of extermination upon the material prosperity of the North. For ten years back, they have controlled the tariff, damaged the manufacturing interests, and checked a progress in industrial development that would otherwise have relieved us from British competition. They accomplished this by the aid of their Northern allies mainly, and partially by the coöperation of misguided Republicans, who thus unconsciously played into their hands. As a preparatory step toward moral if not practical dissolution, which he accepts as the great "consummation to be devoutly wished," Mr. Toombs is prepared to urge the repeal of the navigation laws. His theory is, when manufactures are ruined, commerce restricted, and industry prostrated, by the intervention of Federal legislation, then will be the time to break up the Union, and for Cotton to be King.

The poor President is sadly plagued with his wayward and exacting Southern supporters. There is a coolness between him and Mr. Speaker Orr, originating, I believe, in appointments, or rather disappointments, to certain offices at home and abroad. The President begins to think that South Carolina has had her share of the spoils.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20, 1858.

The concluding branch of Mr. Hale's speech, reviewing the decision of the Supreme Court, is conceded to be among the best of his efforts on this scene, and exhibited powers greatly beyond those usually ascribed to him, both as a jurist and a statesman. But for a careless mannerism, which divested it of much of the effect that otherwise might have been produced, the peroration would have been strikingly eloquent. As it was, the sinewy sentences rung in the ears of a large audience, and extorted expressions of admiration from men not much given to complimenting either the Senator from New Hampshire or any of his political associates.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, Jan. 21, 1858.

The great discovery by the Government of a mare's nest, as announced by *The Union*, in the shape of a conspiracy between Brigham Young and the Black Republican leaders in Kansas, Boston and Washington, appears to be based chiefly on what the organ calls the "curious fact" that, some time last summer, "Brigham Young forwarded an express direct from Utah, with extraordinary despatch, through Kansas to Boston. Was this to communicate with the Emigrant Aid Society?" gravely and sagely inquires *The Union*.

Was there ever before so foolish a Government organ? Brigham Young has repeatedly sent expresses from Utah to Boston and thence to Europe. They were sent to Boston because from that port there is steam communication with England, a fact probably not known to the official editor of *The Union*, but which he might have learned by inquiring of almost any member of the Cabinet. The expresses were sent through Kansas, because the direct road from Utah to Boston is through Kansas, a fact which certainly must have been known to the editor, who is a Missourian. The Emigrant Aid Society of course had no more to do with them than had the Society for propagating the Gospel among the Indians.

The speech which Mr. Doolittle made to-day, vindicating the right of the President to pursue illegal expeditions, both under the Neutrality Act and the international law, fully sustained the high reputation which he brought here as a jurist, while many of its passages were striking for their eloquence and beauty. He showed conclusively, from the accepted doctrine laid down by the most eminent publicists, that the motive in entering a foreign jurisdiction determined the light in which the act was to be regarded. Thus, the pursuit of a pirate into the very ports of another nation, by which the common interest was to be benefited, could not be treated either as an outrage or an indignity upon its sovereignty. In this case the Nicaraguan Minister had formally thanked our Government for the intervention of Com. Paulding. Thus relieving his act of even the technical objection which had been urged against it. So completely did he review the question in all its aspects and forestall the points by complete answer, that Mr. Brown of Mississippi, who had come fully charged with a heavy demonstration, contented himself with a very light discharge of declamation. The zealous and impulsive propagandists who espoused Walker's cause heedlessly are getting sick of the experiment and, whatever else they may do, will take good care to keep out of the range of his new Nicaraguan bonds, which are considered as deadly as the rifle whiskey that is said to kill at a hundred yards.

WASHINGTON, Friday, Jan. 22, 1858.

The California combination for carrying on the Mormon war from that side of the mountains has effected its object. Gen. Scott will start for California next week with full powers from Government to organize in that State an army for the invasion of Utah, if the latest advices from Salt Lake City, which he shall receive in California, are such as to warrant the prosecution of hostilities. In that case he will employ the regulars now on the Pacific side, and will also call upon the Governor of California for volunteers.

He expects to reach Salt Lake in June, simultaneously with Col. Johnston. It is a part of his plan of operations to conduct the army up the Colorado River, which is believed to be navigable for three hundred miles above its junction with the Gila, and in the exact direction of Utah. An officer of the army is now engaged in surveying the river and so far as it has been yet examined, it has been found a deep stream, without shoal or falls, with a current of three miles an hour.

The Southern route for the Pacific Railroad has been voted down in the Senate Committee by the casting vote of Mr. Douglas.

There is trouble at the White House. The President is distressed at the perversity of the people of Kansas and at the reluctance of his friends in Congress to sacrifice themselves for his sake. He shut himself up yesterday, and would see nobody, not even the members of the Cabinet. It is supposed that he was writing a message on Kansas affairs.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23, 1858.

The stories sent out from this city of a disagreement, division or doubt in the Cabinet upon the Lecompton Constitution, since the Kansas election, are pure fabrications, from first to last. Nothing of the kind has occurred, or is likely to occur, and the enterprising authors of such absurd speculations ought to refresh their memory a little by reading the letters from the heads of Departments to the Philadelphia meeting. Upon this subject, the Administration, from head to tail, is a unit, and in that light only must be regarded and treated by the country. Apocryphal Cabinet meetings, however cunningly contrived by newsmongers, can have no other effect than that of misleading minds which ought to be settled in their judgment as to the responsibility of the President and every member of the Administration in this business. They do not shun it themselves, in speech or in correspondence, and the readiness of others to relieve them is rather gratuitous in any aspect in which such intervention may be considered. It is also untrue that Judge Black, who is reported to have been absent from a pretended Cabinet meeting, differs in any respect from his colleagues, except in being even more radical and confirmed for Lecompton than the most Southern one of them. And this may be heard from his own lips any day in the week.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24, 1858.

The Southern Senators have agreed to oppose the confirmation of Gov. Wright, of Indiana, as Minister to Berlin, partly because of his Temperance demonstrations in Europe, which they look upon as casting ridicule on the country, and partly because he is understood to be a friend of Senator Douglas. The ostensible ground of opposition will be his unfitness for office.

The South and *The Union* are backing down upon the question of the Lecompton Constitution. The reason is that the Administration is satisfied that the Free State men have carried Kansas, and are certain to elect two Republican Senators.

The War Department has advices which it dares not publish communicating accounts of severe losses and sufferings on the part of the troops in Utah.

The Committee on Territories will report to-morrow to the Senate in favour of the immediate admission of Minnesota, to which there will probably be no opposition. The matter has been satisfactorily arranged.

Senator Mason, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, will report to-morrow in favour of Commodore Paulding.

It is determined that Gen. Scott shall go to California on the 5th of February, but not, as supposed, to lead a new division of the army, or to organize a basis of operations there. Senator Gwin and others urged the step upon him with the argument that his presence would operate as a means of pacification and of preparation in the contingency of the President's declaring Utah in rebellion, according to the ideas now entertained; in which case the embodiment of the militia would be authorized without the action of Congress.

This movement does not affect the plan of the campaign at all. The whole force in Kansas will move in the spring, whenever the grass is sufficient to sustain the animals, the heavy trains starting probably early in April, and others at the end of that month. The expectation here is that it will reach Salt Lake City by the middle of June. It would have been there now but for Gov. Walker's urgent requisition for the troops for use in Kansas.

Official and other intelligence received by the President and the War Department proves Brigham Young's purposes to be hostile. It is believed that he can muster 8,000 men. Extensive ramifications of organized Mormonism have been discovered in Texas and California, embracing men holding responsible official positions. No apprehension is felt here, however, as to the result of the conflict.

Mexico has indirectly proposed to sell Sonora, Chihuahua and other territory, but the price is considered extravagant here.

SPECULATIONS AND PROPHECIES.

Correspondence of The Albany Evening Journal.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, Jan. 20, 1858.

MR. FRANCIS P. BLAIR, JR., in his speech on the President's Message, discussed a topic to which the Slave Power, were it not blinded and maddened by its lust for universal dominion, would open wide its eyes. It was based on a proposed resolution of inquiry as to the expediency of our Government acquiring some portion of Central or South America for the ultimate colonization therein of the emancipated slaves of the United States.

In its foray upon Nicaragua, Cuba, and other tropical regions, through the military expeditions of Walker, Lopez and other filibustering agencies, the South is not aware that it is initiating measures for the acquisition of territories where, in years not very remote, the emancipated negroes of this country will seek shelter from their oppressors. This has been my profound conviction for years, and it is the fountain of a long-cherished hope for the peaceful abolition of American slavery, and the social and civil elevation, in regions congenial to their constitutions, habits and tastes, of the coloured population of this republic.

A mind having the slightest proclivity for tracing current events to ultimate results cannot but be stimulated by this protracted slavery agitation to ask, "*Where will all this end?*" To me the answer to this inquiry seems plain.

Let the Republican sentiment of the country elect a President in 1860—as it surely can, *if it only will*—and the larger share of this controversy is at once transferred from the North to the South. The issue there, in its earlier stages, will not be the extension or non-extension of slavery, but rather the submission or non-submission of the slaveholding States to the National Administration in Republican hands. On that question the South will divide. The agitation that will follow, and to which the nullification conflict of other days will afford only a faint parallel, will draw into its "maddening circles" other questions in which the subject of slavery will become naturally involved; and ere the four years of our first Republican Administration shall have expired, the South will find itself embarked on a raging sea of discussion, concerning not only the policy of extending slavery to new territories, but the expediency of its existence within its own limits. This inquiry once started, and the contest will never rest till the institution is overthrown in all the now slaveholding States.

During the years that will transpire ere this great purpose is attained, the South will be convulsed and divided on the kindred topics of acquiring new territory in the Tropics, and of separating itself from the North, and uniting its destiny with these new acquisitions, in ONE GRAND SLAVEHOLDING CONFEDERACY—the Ultima Thule of Southern hopes and aspirations!

The forerunning shadows of coming events clearly indicate the approach of the time when bands of American citizens, or the republic itself, will have absolute or *quasi* possession of territory in the Tropics; *absolute*, with absorption into the Union; or *quasi*, as the Anglo-Saxons of the North held Texas for many years ere its annexation to us in 1845. And, however severely, during these years of fierce agitation, the North may, within the limits of the Constitution, press upon the South, *no dissolution of the Union will result*, because the conservative element of the country, operating far more potently southward than northward, will prevent it.

At some auspicious turn in this majestic movement, Missouri, or some other slaveholding State, consulting her interests, will provide for the gradual emancipation of her slaves. The chain of slaveholding unity once broken, it can never be repaired. The prestige of Southern domination once destroyed, like the first defeat of Napoleon, all the future is one series of disasters, culminating in irretrievable overthrow. Other States will then prepare to follow in the wake of the Commonwealth—immortal in the annals of the American Union—which shall have had the wisdom and the courage to lead the way in this occidental exodus.

Then the cry will go up from all the land of Egypt, "let us *spoil* the Hebrews." And he who lives to see that day will witness a grand assault by the South upon the Treasury of the Union, upon its public domain, its pledged credit as compensation for emancipation. A half century of declamation and gasconade about Southern chivalry and daring, the Abrahamic qualities of slavery and the dissolution of the Union, will whine down into petty squabbles, among needy, seedy and greedy patriarchs, before boards of appraisers, about the *pro rata* value of Scipio, Sambo, Cato, and the rest and residue of their biped assets.

While these property interests are being settled—yes, ere they are reached, and making part of the premises on which they are to be adjusted—grave problems concerning the ultimate disposal of teeming millions of emancipated negroes will demand solution.

The freed negroes could not live in peace, and in the enjoyment of social and civil rights, among those who had so long been accustomed to fasten the yoke upon their necks. There would be a separation of the races. Both parties would desire it. Of course, I speak generally. The numerous individual, and the occasional local, exceptions would but establish the rule.

Where would be the resting place, the land of promise of these exiles from the hemp, tobacco and cotton fields, the rice swamps and the sugar groves of the Southern States? The natural dwelling place of the negro is the Tropics. As

> "Fires ascending seek the sun,
> Rivers to the Ocean run,
> Both speed them to their source;"

so the African, to the latest generation, finds his genial home under the glowing sun, amid the luxuriant vegetation of the middle latitudes of the globe. The forefathers of the Africo-Americans were stolen from the land of the palm and orange, the flamingo and the camel. They cannot be returned thither by the repentant sons of their spoilers. Liberia is too remote from our shores and lies wholly out of the track and drift of American trade and enterprise. It is worthy of sustentation as a bright oasis whence commerce, civilization and Christianity may radiate along a dark and bloody shore; but it can never become the refuge of the freed men of this Continent. The West Indies, Southern Mexico and Central America will yet be possessed by the enfranchised children of a people which, for dreary centuries, have been the victims of the cruel rapacity and heartless gibes of a grasping, haughty race.

Slavery once abolished—and he is a simpleton who does not believe that it is destined to "die the death" of all institutions having in their nature the germinating seeds of dissolution—and the emancipated slaves, partly by the law of isothermal attraction, partly by the magnetism of elective affinity, partly by the aid of voluntary associations, but chiefly through the assistance of the State and Federal Governments, would gradually, and by installments, settle down into the lower latitudes of this continent, where the Toussaint L'Ouvertures and the Frederick Douglasses of that day will organize communities and governments of their own choice, carrying out the principle of "Popular Sovereignty" somewhat according to the theory of the Kansas-Nebraska act, though on the field and by a people not contemplated, perhaps, by the distinguished author of that measure.

But what will become of the Southern States then? for, abandoned by the negroes, a more helpless people could not be found on the earth's broad face. Enterprising adventurers from the North—Puritans of the school of Thayer, and Hoosiers of the type of Lane—hardy emigrants from the land of Luther, of Tell and of Lafayette, would go thither, and, uniting with the better part of "the poor whites of the South," and such relics of the "chivalry" as two centuries of pride, luxury, licentiousness and sloth shall spare, they would buy up their decayed plantations, take possession of their mouldering towns, and solitary waterfalls, and deserted harbours, and, by a nice application of capital, skill and labour, renovate the whole Southern portion of the Union, making it the future glory of the country.

Hasten, then, O Freebooter Walker! and give practical force to the Ostend Manifesto by conquering tropical climes. They are wanted for the free negroes, present and prospective, of this Continent. You and your followers, in and out of Congress, are the theoretic disciples and the actual agents of a "manifest destiny," which you neither understand nor can control.

The "gray-eyed" buccanier of Nicaragua vainly imagines that he is conquering territory on which to plant the crime and curses of slavery; while, in fact, he is only preparing a land of refuge for emancipated slaves. "Nevertheless" (as saith the prophet), "he meaneth not so, neither does his heart think so."

KILLING DEAD WOLVES.

THE apology for the Secretaries of the Tract Society, published in last week's *Herald* over the signature of "Theophilus," reminds me of a story, I used to hear from the old hunters, respecting a celebrated wolf hunt. The pastor was preaching his Thanksgiving sermon, when a man rushed in and announced that a pack of wolves had been chased in "*Haystack* mountain," and they wanted help to surround the mountain, and thus destroy the whole pack. The venerable preacher had not been schooled in the logic of the Tract House, or he would have told the man that "killing wolves was not the business for which a church was organized." "The constitution forbade them to engage, as a Church, in the business of butchery." "Besides, there would be danger of getting into a controversy—for wolves are sometimes savage enough to bite—and you know "the servant of the Lord must not fight." He would therefore have dismissed the messenger with the comforting assurance that "there are other organizations for catching wolves, let them attend to the business and not involve the Church in this controversy"—"when the wolves are *dead*, we will very cheerfully lend our assistance." Such would have been his answer if he had adopted the policy recommended by Theophilus. But being an old fashioned puritan, he never thought of it. He at once shut up his Bible, and told his people that he thought "the catching of those wolves would be a very acceptable Thanksgiving service to the Lord." The mountain was at once surrounded, and all the wolves were shot but one. The old leader of the pack came furiously up to a young man, who stood guard with a pitchfork, and seemed disposed to fight. Having never encountered a *live wolf* before, though he had often seen *dead ones*, he gave back and allowed the wolf to escape; though he was afterwards pursued and shot. Then as may well be supposed there was great rejoicing—and rumour hath it, that this same young man made himself quite conspicuous by running from one dead wolf to another, giving each a terrible lunge with his pitchfork. I will not vouch for this part of the story—it may be only a fancy sketch, designed to embellish the story. But the parallel between the alleged conduct of this hopeful youth, and that of the conductors of the Tract Society, as commended by Theophilus, is very striking.

They must not publish anything against sins that are alive. As long as any considerable number of church members favour them, the Society must keep dumb. When the work of wresting them out of the Church has been fully accomplished, and the *thing is dead*, then the Society will come in with its tremendous power, to help finish the work. The sole province of the Society is to be like that of the valorous young man—KILLING DEAD WOLVES!—*Hartford Religious Herald.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1858.

BELLING THE CAT.

THE Hon. Eli Thayer, of Massachusetts, made an amusing speech, the other day, on the Americanization of Central America. It was more amusing than sound, we fear—more entertaining than statesmanlike. It assumed that the ordinary principles of political economy which govern emigrations from old countries to new could by any political possibility apply to the case in hand. It is perfectly true that Organized Emigration from the free States, if permitted to take place, and if the people of the free States were moved to empty their superfluity in that direction, would be of power sufficient to take possession of, and control, those central regions. And so, if colonies of free men, with the whole apparatus of free discussion and free institutions, could be transplanted to France or Russia, they might in due time overthrow the despotisms there existing. Even in the Southern States, could men of the free States be allowed to do what the Constitution of the Nation guarantees to them, should they go there, as they have a perfectly complete constitutional right to do, slavery might very soon be peaceably abolished. And yet we know perfectly well that it is just as possible for a Republican emigration to take place to France or Russia as it is for citizens of the Northern States to exercise their constitutional right of removal to the Southern States, and there make use of the freedom of speech and of the press for the overthrow or modification of slavery. In the long run, undoubtedly, the laws of political economy—which are part of the Divine ordination of government—will prevail, and systems of tyranny and oppression of all kinds will go down under their pressure; but we fear it will not be quite so soon as the enthusiasm of Mr. Thayer for freedom in conjunction with corner lots anticipates.

Our readers, many of them, doubtless recollect the fable which one of the old Douglasses told at some council of war, *apropos* to a proposition for offence or defence against the enemy, which only lacked the element of feasibility to be perfect, that gave him ever after the surname of Archibald Bell-the-Cat. The rats deliberating as to measures to be taken against their natural enemy, the Cat, one of the grayest-whiskered of them all proposed that a bell should be tied round the cat's neck, so that the inhabitants of Ratopolis (which Lafontaine tells us is the name of the capital city of that filibustering race) might have due warning of the invasions of their enemy and take their measures accordingly. The suggestion was received with universal applause, till one old experienced leader of the clan inquired who it was that should bell the Cat? Now, what the English were to the Scots, or the cat to the rats, such is Slavery to us. Mr. Thayer very *naïvely* proposes to bell this cat—or rather this tiger, for such are the proportions and the cruel ferocity of the beast that keeps us in awe—but we think he will not find it an easy thing to do by any means. Slavery has got us in her gripe, and the worst of it is, we ourselves have fed, and cossetted, and cockered her up to her present strength and fierceness. She will not suffer Mr. Thayer, nor any nor all of us, to put the warning bell about her neck. To drop the metaphor, the slaveholders have the control of the machinery of our government, and they will use it to prevent any acquisition of territory, or any colonization of tropical territory, fit for slave labour, which may become ours, by freemen. We know how nearly they stayed the thick-coming waves of emigration into Kansas, with every advantage of proximity, and how narrowly they have missed making it a slave State in despite of majorities against them—if, indeed, they have really failed in their design. What chance, then, would there be for a Northern colonization of Central America, with all Slavedom between the old hive and the new, and with the face of the National Government set as a flint against the scheme?

Mr. Thayer deems it impossible that the slave States on the Gulf, with only, some of them, eighty-nine hundredth of a man to a square mile, and, all together, with only three to the same area, should seriously contemplate colonizing Central America. Indeed! And whence came the colonization of Texas? That was some twenty years ago, when there was even a sparser crop of men to the acre than there is now. What is to hinder the slave States sending to Central America all the men that are necessary for their purpose? For this is a plot by no means limited to the Gulf States, but one in which they all have a common interest and a common complicity. If it were the object of the Emigration to make money only, Mr. Thayer's reasoning might be unanswerable. But it is not the multiplication of wealth, but the fortification of power that it is intended the Americanization of Central America shall secure. It is not cotton, or rice, or tobacco, that is the crop that is looked for from those new regions; but Senators and Members of Congress who can be depended upon in all contests likely to arise between Slavery and Freedom. And sooner than suffer the Northern States to get control of them and to use them for the limitation of the Slave Power, there will be a conflict to which that for supremacy in Kansas will be but a skirmish. The South can well enough spare men sufficient to get the admission of a new slave State, especially as it will have the General Government to back it, and the whole Democratic party at the North ready to prove its fidelity to its natural alliance with slavery. Mr. Thayer's notions are as wild as if he proposed taking possession of Sir Thomas More's Utopia, or Harrington's Oceana. That is, supposing him to have been in earnest, which it is very likely he was not. In which latter case, his speech was certainly a very clever *jeu d'esprit*.

Mr. Thayer, however, would be more than man, or than Congressman, if he could make even the cleverest of speeches without a certain infusion of Union-saving twaddle. He affirms that the great majority of the people of the North are determined that *no force* shall ever wrest from the United States a single square foot of territory "unless first baptized in blood and fire." We do not believe that the great majority of the people of the United States have determined any such thing. We apprehend that, through the various ramifications of the Anti-Slavery Cause, we have as good opportunities of judging of the feelings and opinions of the great mass of society in the free States as any man, or men, whatsoever; and we do not see any such resolute loyalty to the integrity of the Union as Mr. Thayer describes. On the contrary, we believe that a large majority of the intelligent, conscientious, inhabitants of the free States would regard it as a blessed consummation if the slave States only would take themselves out of their way. The deepening resentment of the insolence and outrage to which they have been systematically subjected by the slaveholders, ever since we have had a national history, may not yet glow with the fervent heat which should compel them to take the initiative in Disunion; but they would submit with the extremest equanimity to the severing blow, should it ever come from the other side. They do not, indeed, expect such a catastrophe, for they know too well how dependent the South is upon them as the body-guard of their slaves, and their outlying patrols for the recapture of deserters. They remain passive, not because they love the Union, but because they shrink from the difficulties that they apprehend would wait upon its dissolution. They do not care to attempt to disentangle the intricate complications of this Gordian knot; but they would rejoice to see the South made mad enough to cut it with its own sword.

We are by no means of the opinion that Dissolution will never come from the South. It is true, that if men always counted the cost, and only did the very best possible thing after they had done so, then the slaveholders would never relinquish their hold upon the North and surrender the material aid and moral support they now derive thence. But revolutions do not come of calculations. Arithmetic has never made one yet, and never will. They do not proceed from the head, but come forth from the heart, of man. They spring from passion and not from speculation. Earnestness is of their essence; and they drag men along with them by the force which passion gives to will. Now, there are but two earnest sets of men in the country. One is the Abolitionists, and the other is the pro-slavery Fire-eaters. Each demands the Dissolution of the Union—the one for the overthrow and the other for the reënforcement of slavery. These two discordant strains encounter each other in the National Anthem, which all politicians and most priests would have us believe so symphonious, and how can there be any harmony in the mingling of the voices. The interests and passions of the North and the South are as distinct and dissimilar as those of the masters and the slaves. How can two walk together except they be agreed? How can a mechanical juxtaposition, like our polity, endure when both sides are drawn by prevailing forces in opposite directions? The darceny of Central America and of Cuba may hasten the day of the dissolution, by giving the slaveholders a false feeling of strength—derived from what, in fact, is but an aggravation of their weakness. Should this be the case, we shall see in it the clear reading of the Scripture, that God makes the wrath of man to praise him. For we are assured that the dissolution of the Union would be the death-sentence of American Slavery. It might have a long day given it. The folly of the rest of the world might accord it reprieve after reprieve. But it would be left for execution, the inevitable day would come at last,

> "And that two-handed engine at the door
> Stand ready to strike once and strike no more."

We are sorry to say that we look for this happy issue rather to the madness of the South than to the virtue of the North; but we are very sure that it will have no insane opposition to encounter, when it approaches, from this quarter of the heavens.

THE TRACT SOCIETY REBUKED.

ELEVEN pastors and ministers of Congregational Churches in Franklin and Lamoille Counties, Vermont, have addressed to the President of the American Tract Society a plain and pungent remonstrance against the action of its officers in suppressing tracts on the subject of slavery. The points of the remonstrance are well defined and urged with a force of argument amounting to demonstration, while the subterfuges of the Publishing Committee and the Secretaries are fearlessly exposed and reprobated. These ministers charge the conductors of the Society with setting aside the express instructions of the Annual Meeting, with violating the spirit and letter of the Constitution, with making an open league with the oppressor against the oppressed, with corrupting the morality of the gospel, with holding the faith of Christ with respect of persons, and turning away from the cry of hundreds of thousands whom they profess to regard as evangelical Christians, and treating them as if "they had no rights which white men were bound to respect." They lay upon the Society a large portion of responsibility for the infamous Dred Scott decision. They say:

"Considering what was the state of Christian sentiment, in respect to slavery, before the organization of the American Tract Society, as set forth in the resolutions of the Presbyterian General Assembly in 1818, it is highly improbable that that judicial decision containing the words above quoted, which has startled the world by the enormity of its injustice toward an oppressed race, would ever have been announced, had not the way for it been prepared in the professed Church of Christ, and *especially by the operations of so respectable a body as the American Tract Society*, which for a long series of years has pursued a course apparently *based on the same principles as that decision*, and has treated the coloured race as if they had no wrongs to complain of, and as if their enslavement, their other oppressions, their enforced ignorance, and the vices nurtured by slavery among both races, were no such hindrances to true religion and morality as to deserve to be opposed or named by a Christian Society, having under its care these vital interests of man."

This point is certainly well put, and what a demonstration does it present of the fearful responsibility incurred by the managers of the Society!

The remonstrants conclude as follows:

"With this view of the position in which the Society is placed by its present conductors, it cannot, in our opinion, be justly regarded as an evangelical institution. As now conducted, *it dissents* from the great body of Evangelical Christians *on points* which, in their estimation, *are of fundamental importance to the interests of true piety and sound morals*. As, in compliance with the demands of an unreasonable and wicked faction, it refuses to give utterance to the convictions of the Christian world on such points, its name and the names of its officers are no longer trustworthy vouchers for the evangelical character of its publications. As now conducted, it has proved UNFAITHFUL TO ITS OWN CONSTITUTION; TO THE CAUSE OF HUMANITY AND OF GOD; TO THE CAUSE OF TRUTH AND OF EVANGELICAL RELIGION. By throwing itself, as it has done, as a shield between slavery and the public sentiment of Christendom opposed to slavery, it has become the ENEMY OF LIBERTY, AND THE BULWARK OF OPPRESSION.

"As thus conducted, it is the corrupter of public law, and of the principles of morality; and, by giving countenance to the notion that peace and joy in the Holy Ghost may be promoted, and may exist, without practical righteousness, it becomes A MIGHTY CORRUPTER OF THE RELIGION OF THE GOSPEL.

"Believing, as we do in our hearts, that in giving this expression of our views we have spoken forth words of truth and soberness, which, the more they are weighed, the more will commend themselves to candid Christian minds, we regard it as a calamity that the Society should suffer under its present administration till the next annual meeting.

"If the Society shall disown the action of its Executive, as we earnestly hope and pray that it may, in our view it is highly desirable that this should be done as soon as conveniently practicable. And, on the other hand, if the Society should adhere to the policy marked out by its officers, those who dissent from it would doubtless desire to be early informed of this. We therefore respectfully suggest and urge the propriety of calling a meeting of the Directors, with a view, if it shall be deemed expedient, to call at an early day a special meeting of the Society, that it may take such action as to it the case may appear to demand."

This is plain talk, and truthful as it is plain. It is in wholesome contrast with the untempered daubing of *The Independent*, whose utterances on this question have been marked by a spirit of compromise that has greatly weakened its moral influence. If the cont

KANSAS BULLETIN.

THE vote upon the Lecompton Constitution in the election authorized by the Territorial (Free State) Legislature is officially declared by Gov. Denver and other officials to present the following result: Against the Constitution, 10,226; for the Constitution *with* slavery, 138; for the Constitution without slavery, 24. At the election held Dec. 21st, under authority of the Lecompton Convention, the vote stood: For Constitution *with* slavery, 6,140; for Constitution *without* slavery, 560. There is abundant evidence that at least one-half of the 6,140 votes returned for the Constitution with slavery were fraudulent, but, counting them all as genuine, the election since held shows a majority of over 4,000 opposed to the Lecompton villany. This result is certified by the Governor last sent to Kansas by the Administration, and yet President Buchanan is determined to force upon the people of Kansas, by the aid of federal bayonets, the Constitution which they have rejected. Whether he will be able to find in Congress a sufficient number of Democrat Representatives to carry the measure through that body remains to be seen.

Until within the last day or two, the Republicans were rejoicing in the assurance of a great victory over the Border Ruffians in the election for State officers and Legislature under the Lecompton Constitution. The Free State party, as such, refused to take any part in that election, but a portion of the party nominated a ticket and supported it at the polls. The men thus nominated were pledged, in case they should be elected, and the Lecompton Constitution should be approved by Congress, "to adopt and execute immediate measures for enabling the people, through a new Constitutional Convention, to obtain such a Constitution as the majority shall approve." The votes, according to the Lecompton schedule, were to be counted and the result declared by John Calhoun, President of the Lecompton Convention. He chose to invite Mr. Babcock, President of the Territorial Council and G. W. Deitzler, Speaker of the House (both Free State men), to be present at the opening of the returns and witness the same. Those gentlemen attended accordingly, on the 13th of January, when it appeared that the Free State ticket for State officers was elected by some three or four hundred majority, and that the same party had elected 13 of the 19 Councillors and 29 of the 44 members of the House. Messrs. Babcock and Dietzler thereupon issued a bulletin announcing the result, and the telegraph at once conveyed the news to the East. The Republicans set up a shout of triumph, which had scarcely died away when the telegraph brought this piece of intelligence:

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 25, 1858.

A gentleman from Leavenworth on the 20th inst. arrived here this evening. He reports having travelled from Weston to Booneville with a messenger, bearing despatches from Gen. Calhoun to the members of the Cabinet at Washington, the tenor of which, as derived from the messenger, is that Gen. Calhoun rejected the returns sent to Governor Denver instead of him (Calhoun), on the ground that, in accordance with the Lecompton schedule, they are illegal, and therefore void. This gives the State offices to the Democrats, also gives them one majority in the Council and two in the House.

This news is not yet positively confirmed, but it is likely enough to be true. We copy the following from the correspondence of *The Tribune* of Wednesday:

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, Jan. 26, 1858.

The Cabinet had information yesterday morning, from sources considered conclusively authoritative, that the Free State men had elected the Legislature and State officers of Kansas. But Secretary Thompson received a despatch last night, confirmatory of the one to the Associated Press, stating that the Pro-Slavery party had succeeded.

Letters received from "Jack Henderson" and others, by Democratic Senators, down to the 16th inst., all concede a Free State majority in the Legislature, and some rejoice at the prospect that Gen. Lane will be defeated for Senator by some less objectionable Republican. Still the belief is general that Gen. Calhoun will continue the work of fraud so as to affect the result.

The President has a Message ready, justifying his support of Lecompton against the advance majority of the 4th inst., which will be sent in whenever opportunity offers. The Constitution does not necessarily go through him to Congress, but may take that direction designedly, for the object stated.

After eight months' absence, Mr. Stanton (late Secretary and acting Governor of Kansas) has returned to Washington, a wiser man for having seen with his own eyes the attempt to force slavery upon Kansas against the sentiment and feeling of the great body of the people. Mr. Stanton proclaims that the election frauds were open and flagrant, and that the whole Pro-Slavery vote, with the aid of its allies, does not exceed three thousand, while that of the Free State party is fully fifteen thousand. In stopping at Weston and other points, old and respectable citizens informed him that the young men formed regular parties, got up conveyances, and then went from poll to poll, voting wherever and as often as they pleased. This fact was notorious and not disguised. But it was not denounced, as it should have been, for fear of provoking collisions and bloodshed. Still, the effect of the lawless proceedings was manifested upon the more conservative slaveholding population, who were moving away, and, according to Mr. Stanton's view, the result would be to make Missouri a free State, as a consequence of the attempt to impose slavery on Kansas.

While at Independence he saw a gentleman just from Kansas City, who had received a letter from Calhoun, in which it was stated that the Legislature had a Pro-Slavery majority, and he believes that, with the power of issuing certificates in his hands, such a majority will be "returned," as Judge Douglas predicted, no matter what the real vote may be. In that event, he dare not go back to the Territory, so strong is the popular excitement against him.

The correspondent of the *Evening Post*, under date of the 26th, says:

"Calhoun, who was President of the Constitutional Convention, and, as such, authorized to count the votes at the late election and report them to Congress, is anxious to be Senator, and what he may do to secure such a prize no one can yet say. *He does not propose to report the vote, however, at all, until Congress has acted upon the Lecompton Constitution.*

"It is the opinion of many of the most earnest, and, I think I may add, sagacious members of Congress, that the Lecompton swindle will yet pass through the House. Of course, it will go through the Senate without any difficulty. I do not coincide with this opinion. The question is already raised, in case Lecompton goes through Congress, what will the people of Kansas do? I heard this question put to Mr. Parrott, the delegate from Kansas, this morning. He says that in case Lecompton is successful, Calhoun will instantly issue certificates to the Pro-Slavery candidates for the State Legislature. The people of Kansas will never allow this body to meet openly, but they will do so secretly, and stay together long enough to elect John Calhoun and one other conspirator to the United States Senate. This done, the bogus Legislature will fly the Territory, and the newly-made Senators will turn their steps to Washington, and the Senate will recognise them. This is the reward which John Calhoun seeks, and the prospect of which animates him in all his movements.

MRS. MOTT IN NEW YORK.—Mrs. Lucretia Mott, the widely known minister of the Society of Friends, from Philadelphia, attended the meeting of that Society in Hester street on Sunday morning last, and delivered a discourse instinct with the spirit of genuine Quakerism. The house was filled with an attentive auditory, the greater portion of whom were doubtless edified by her faithful testimony in favour of a pure Christianity, while it is probable that some at least of the "rulers of the synagogue" were not a little annoyed and disturbed by her presence.

On Sunday evening Mrs. Mott, by invitation of the Pastor, the Rev. Samuel Longfellow, occupied the pulpit of the Second Unitarian Church, at the Brooklyn Athenæum. Long before the appointed hour, the house was crowded in every part, and hundreds who desired to gain admittance were unable to do so. Many, we presume, were induced to attend by the notice of the meeting given by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher to his congregation. Mr. B. not only read the notice placed in his hands, but said, in substance (for we do not pretend to give his exact words), that whatever might be the theories of the different members of his congregation as to the propriety of women's preaching, in general, he was sure that no one who had ever heard Lucretia Mott could doubt that she at least was a properly endowed and legitimately ordained religious teacher. Mr. Longfellow read appropriate selections from the Bible and offered prayer, and then Mrs. Mott spoke for more than an hour in a very earnest and impressive manner. "Her discourse," *The Tribune* truly says, "contained many eloquent passages, and the occasion will be long remembered." It is scarcely necessary to say that Mrs. Mott did not forget, on this occasion, to remind her hearers of the duties they owed to the American slave, nor to expose the transcendent guilt of those religious bodies which lend their influence to sustain the system of bondage and shield the oppressor from rebuke.

GEN. WALKER, the Filibuster, at a meeting in Mobile, on the 26th inst., "disclosed the secret" of the Government opposition to his Nicaragua scheme, which was, he said, his rejection of their (the Administration's) proposition that he should go to Mexico and incite war there, with a view of their acquiring that territory. Such is the report of the telegraph, and by the same authority we are told that, at Selma, Ala., he declared that the secret of the opposition to his cause and the reason of the "high-handed outrages" committed against him and his men was, that Americans in Nicaragua favoured the establishment of slavery.

LUCY STONE AND THE TAX COLLECTOR.—On Friday afternoon, the 22d inst., Constable Kynes, of Orange, N. J., proceeded to the residence of Lucy Stone to sell the property he had previously attached, in accordance with the following notice:

SALE FOR TAX.—Notice is hereby given that, by virtue of a warrant *issued* by A. H. Freeman, Esq., J. P., to make the tax assessed against Lucy Stone, in the township of Orange, in the County of Essex, the subscriber, one of the constables of said County, will, on Friday, the twenty-second day of January, instant, at two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, at the house of Lucy Stone, sell at public vendue, to the highest bidder, for cash, the following goods, to wit: Two tables, four chairs, one stand and two *pictures*, to make the said tax and costs.

E. A. KYNES, Constable.

Orange, January 18, 1858.

The sale took place on the front piazza. A marble table, worth $12, was started at $6 and knocked down at $7.50. Likenesses of Gerrit Smith and Salmon P. Chase were sold together for $3. From these sales a sufficient sum was realized, and a small balance was paid to Lucy. She told the Constable that "next year, and the year following, as every year, until the law was changed, the same thing would have to be done." He replied that he would let somebody else have the job, as it was not a pleasant duty for him to perform. He then carried back into the house the articles of furniture which had not been sold, and seemed glad to get away, after vindicating the majesty of the law in so satisfactory a manner.

The public of Orange, we learn, will soon hear from Mrs. Stone, on this subject, at a meeting she intends to call.

EFFECTS OF EMANCIPATION.—We invite particular attention to an article on the first page, from *The New York Times*, rebuking the pro-slavery spirit of its London namesake, as exhibited in its recent efforts to promote the revival of the Slave Trade under a new name, and exposing the current mistakes as to the effects of emancipation in the West Indies. We are glad to copy such an article from a journal far more inclined to disparage than to commend the principles and measures of the Abolitionists.

NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.—The Assembly, after a struggle of more than three weeks, was organized on Tuesday, the Democrats and a portion of the Know-Nothings coalescing for the purpose. The plurality rule was first adopted, after which Alvord, Dem., was chosen Speaker, and Wilson, Know-Nothing, Clerk. The other offices were distributed between the parties forming the coalition.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF AARON BURR. By J. PARTON. Mason Brothers, Duane street, New York, 1858.

No one can doubt that Mr. Parton has conscientiously set himself the task, in this work, of rescuing a historical character from what he honestly believes to be undeserved infamy; though it is not easy to understand how the writer even of a "Life" so written should not, in spite of his theory, and in spite of the aim he had all along held before him, have recorded at last that he had convinced himself of the utter failure of his purpose, and of his egregious error in ever supposing it to be one of possible accomplishment. But Mr. Parton evidently loves what the novelists call "plot"; he is fond of striking situations; of violent contrasts in life—the low raised to unexpected and dazzling heights, or the high reduced to undeserved and desperate fortunes; of marvellous adventures; of daring deeds; of gallant conduct; of indomitable perseverance; of unswerving endurance; and all united with high resolve and noble purpose. Burr was a man possessing some of these striking traits of character, and his life was full of most romantic interest. Mr. Parton seems to have been captivated by this element in it, and, finding a career crowded with adventure, and chequered with almost every vicissitude that lies between an exalted worldly position and the lowest depths of infamy and want, he permitted his imagination to run away with him, and out of these materials to create a hero. He found in the actual life of Burr certain attributes and circumstances, and, adding to these certain others which his own warmth so easily supplied, and which, when supplied, made so complete a picture, he sees in this hero of his own creation a man of great mental and moral proportions, the sport of fate, modest in prosperity, magnificent in misfortune, to whom the world and history owe atonement for an unjust judgment that cries to Heaven to be revenged.

With such a faith, not merely avowed, but, as every page of the book gives evidence, most sincerely and heartily believed in, and warmly and ably advocated, Mr. Parton gives his readers a story of most absorbing interest. With some curtailing of its middle chapters, with some not very important and very obvious changes, and with a little more working up, the book might very easily be made into an exceedingly entertaining two volume novel.

And yet there will be little disposition to blame Mr. Parton for this confounding of the boundaries between fact and fiction, when it is seen that by mental constitution he is necessarily a thorough partisan. He throws himself so completely into the life of his subject, identifies himself so entirely with its motive and action, that he loses the power of being a calm and impartial judge. This Boswellian quality in a biographer is all for the reader's advantage, as *his* judgment need not be influenced while he is secure of enthusiasm and intensity on the part of the author. But the marvel in this case is, that Mr. Parton should so honestly and conscientiously lay before us all the evidence which must inevitably lead the careful reader to a verdict directly the opposite of his own; and secondly, how, after sifting so thoroughly and carefully that evidence, he could so allow his imagination to utterly blind and warp his judgment. It is curious to note all through the book the many acts in the life of Burr which the candour of the biographer compels him to acknowledge were the acts of neither an honourable, an honest nor a high-minded man, and yet to observe how utterly he ignores these very evidences of a worthless character when he feels called upon to speak in general terms of eulogium, or reassert his conviction that his subject was possessed of a multitude of virtues, and has been frightfully traduced.

The condemnation of Aaron Burr by his contemporaries, and the generation that succeeded them, has been unanimous and unequivocal. The reversal of this verdict is not the only purpose of Mr. Parton's book. It aims also to do two other things; partly, perhaps, for the sake of doing these two things, and partly because till one at least of them is done, the other and main thing can never be accomplished. These are to show that the old Federal party was all that its worst enemies ever asserted of it, and that its distinguished leader, Alexander Hamilton, was neither a great nor a good man. The Federalists, indeed, may have been honest and patriotic men, and Aaron Burr still not have been a dangerous and pernicious character; but till it be shown that Hamilton was totally undeserving of the love and reverence of his countrymen, it will be impossible to reverse their verdict upon the character of his murderer.

That Burr was a brave and brilliant soldier, an accomplished and successful, though not great, lawyer, and an able politician, may be readily granted, as amply proved in Mr. Parton's interesting story of his earlier days. That he was a man of indomitable cheerfulness, of iron will, and of unbending courage, whom no misfortune could conquer, and no humiliation depress, is just as evident from the history of the latter half of his life, from the time when, after his trial for treason, he was put, under a feigned name, on board a vessel bound for Europe, where he endured for many months almost the extremity of penury, till, a quarter of a century later, he died, almost friendless and alone, in a way-side tavern on Staten Island. And it is to these portions of his career that about five hundred of the seven hundred pages of the "Life" are devoted. The self-willed, head-strong boy, early left an orphan, runs away from his home, and, when found, makes terms from the mast-head of a ship with his puritanic uncle, who pursues him, ere he will consent to return to his home and his studies. The brilliant young man, burning with revolutionary zeal, marches a volunteer on the chivalric expedition against Quebec, under Arnold, and, when the unsuccessful attack is made, bears away upon his shoulders, amid a shower of bullets, the body of Montgomery. The gallant *aid-de-camp* of the Commander-in-Chief delivers, by his bravery and address, regiments from destruction when encompassed by the enemy. The accomplished soldier reduces raw and disorderly troops to order and discipline, and becomes the civil and military protector of a large district of country, varying his severe duties by an occasional visit, between sunset and sunrise, in a journey, beset with danger, to the lady of his love. And so he serves through nearly the whole Revolutionary war, till his health is broken by exposure, doing the State good service, and delighting in nothing so much as the most dangerous enterprises, where coolness, and courage, and promptitude were most required.

Then comes the life of the skilful, though not over-scrupulous, lawyer; the successful, elegant and popular man of the world; and the daring, acute and altogether unscrupulous politician; till, in 1801, we see him presiding in the Senate of the United States, in the second office in the gift of the people, waiting for what was considered in those days the sure succession to the first. This was his culmination; and now, says Mr. Parton, "clouds gather." In March, 1805, he took leave of the Senate, that body being, at the time, according to a newspaper writer, dissolved in tears. Yet it immediately afterward passed, only by a small majority, and came near not passing at all, the usual compliment of extending the franking privilege to its retiring presiding officer. Two States were at this moment, or just before, contending, as he himself said in a letter to his daughter, as to which "should have the honour of hanging the Vice-President." In New York and New Jersey indictments had been found against him for the murder of Col. Hamilton. When, on his flight from New York to escape the consequences of that deed, he delayed a few days in pleasant dalliance at Philadelphia, he wrote to Theodosia: "If any male friend of yours be dying of *ennui*, recommend him to engage in a duel and a courtship at the same time"! South Carolina and Virginia received with enthusiasm and feasted publicly the man whose presence even the North could not tolerate.

That period from the time when the "clouds gather" till June, 1808, when the packet-ship Clarissa received Burr on board from a pilot-boat in the bay of New York, under the feigned name of "G. H. Edwards," he having borrowed money enough to enable him to escape from the country after his trial for treason, is comprised by Mr. Parton in two hundred pages out of his seven hundred. It is on the events of this period that the world have judged him, and covered his name with an infamy which will never be wiped off. On these Mr. Parton sheds no new light; he does not even give that which may be had from contemporary history. Why was Burr's name never mentioned for a second term as Vice-President? Why, before his first term expired, did the party with which he was connected fail to elect him as Governor of New York? If the Federalists hated him *after* he had forced a duel upon their great leader, and taken his life, some other reason must be sought for to explain why they would not accept him to their confidence, nor his own party retain him in theirs *before* that event. The Democratic Vice-President who had appeared at a Federal banquet at Washington, and given, as his toast, "the union of all honest men," seemed trusted by none of either party. It was only when he was desperate in fortune and character that he sought the life of the man who was his worst enemy, only because he knew him best. It was then, as a last resource, that he turned his attention to filibustering. For that, indeed, as he exclaimed, in his latter days, "I was only thirty years too soon! What was treason in me thirty years ago, is patriotism now!!"

Henceforth we follow him through the remainder of Mr. Parton's pages as the reckless man of ruined fortunes, bankrupt in character, in purse, and almost in friends. Poverty never appalled him; misfortune never conquered him. The ex-Vice-President of the United States, who dodges through a by-street of Paris to escape the sight of a woman to whom he owes the price of a couple of cigars, which he cannot pay; the patient waiter, among a crowd of other petitioners, in the ante-room of a prince whom he had entertained at his own table; the exile, who never came to the end of his own cheerfulness, spending his last few pennies for a bit of boiled beef, and a small measure of potatoes, or selling the last of his treasured books, and the more treasured toys for his grandchild, for means to pay his passage home, commands our admiration and respect for his invincible courage and unconquerable will. And the poor, paralytic old man lying on his sofa, with his eyes fixed for hours on the portrait of his lost Theodosia—Theodosia, who, with her boy, was the one link that bound him in human sympathy and human love—commands our extreme and sincerest pity.

For this history of the early and latter career of this remarkable man, most of which is new, and all so admirably told, Mr. Parton will receive the thanks of a multitude of readers; but as upon that portion of the life of Burr for which he has hitherto been judged no new light is thrown, so it is not likely that any new judgment will be formed from these pages.

METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW. January, 1858. D. D. Whedon, D.D., Editor. New York: Carlton and Porter.

THE fortieth volume of this publication begins with the present number. It contains eleven articles, as follows:

I. Friar Bacon and Lord Bacon.
II. British Methodism and Slavery.
III. The English Reformation.
IV. Whittier's Poems.
V. The Physical Geography of the Sea.
VI. Edmund Burke.
VII. The Logos of Philo Judæus and that of St. John.
VIII. Religious Intelligence.
IX. Synopsis of the Quarterlies.
X. Quarterly Book Table.
XI. Literary Items.

The article on British Methodism and Slavery, by the Rev. Wm. J. Shrewsbury, England, is valuable historically, but marred by a compromising spirit. It exalts the wisdom of the early Methodist preachers in admitting both slaveholders and slaves to the Church, and in not assailing slavery openly! It is even claimed that this course of proceeding, which threw the mantle of Christianity over slavery for the time being, actually prepared the way for emancipation in the West Indies! We shall believe in the sincerity of the men who utter such arrant nonsense as this when we see them applying the logic to other than *popular* sins; when, for instance, we find them admitting common thieves, robbers, counterfeiters and swindlers to their communion on the same terms with the victims of their villany, in order, by bringing them under the influence of the gospel, to prepare them for the abandonment of their crimes! We know not why the "sum of *all* villanies" should be treated with a leniency that, by common consent, is never shown to the particular sins of which that sum is composed.

Mr. Shrewsbury refers incidentally to the course pursued in respect to slavery by the missionaries who introduced Methodism to this country, and commends them for their "discrimination" and "prudence" in not attacking slavery openly as a sin, and in admitting slaveholders to the Church. The policy which has made the Methodist Church in this country a slaveholding Church, and thus given the influence of her powerful example in support of the atrocious and bloody slave system, is held up to our admiration as illustrating the paramount devotion of the early Methodist preachers to the spiritual welfare of those to whom they were sent! Seeking the eternal salvation of master and slave alike, they did not jeopard their success by rebuking the former for the sin which the founder of Methodism declared to be the "sum" of all others! The preachers of that early time, when the subject of slavery was not well understood, have claims upon our charity which are not possessed by those who, at this day, with the bitter fruits of their compromising policy all around them, yet commend their mistaken, if not criminal, example as worthy of our imitation.

It is manifest to us that the article under review was written to strengthen the hands of those American Methodists who are resisting the movement for the extirpation of slavery from their Church. The writer is one of that class of ministers who believe that it is quite possible to serve the Lord in such a way as not to offend the devil. Hear him:

"It requires, however, prudence of the highest kind on the part of those who preach the word of life in a slave region, so to observe the exact line of duty, as neither to compromise the principles of the gospel on the one hand, nor, on the other hand, so to intermeddle with the civil state of society as to exasperate evil passions and prejudices, and thereby neutralize, or even nullify, the great spiritual objects of their mission. There is a Christian expediency which is wise and right, as well as a worldly expediency which is unprincipled and wrong," &c.

The writer "elucidates" the distinction between these two sorts of expediency by the example of two eminent preachers, one of whom never introduced the subject of slavery in his pulpit ministrations, but contented himself with "inculcating the doctrine of freedom in a *private way*," while the other, "not content with opposing it in the manly, yet *safe* and *prudent* way" adopted by the first, "openly preached against it in his public ministry." The first of these preachers was Freeborn Garretson, of Maryland, who, upon his conversion, "received a conviction immediately from God that his connection with slavery ought to be, without delay, relinquished," and who promptly obeyed the divine monition. This was in 1775, and here is his own account of the matter:

"One Sabbath morning, I continued reading the Bible till eight o'clock, and then, under a sense of duty, called the family together for prayer. While I was giving out a hymn this thought powerfully struck my mind: It is not right for you to keep your fellow-creatures in bondage. You must let the oppressed go free. I knew this was the voice of the Lord. *Till this moment, I never suspected that the practice of slave-keeping was wrong; having neither read anything on the subject, nor conversed with persons respecting its sinfulness.* After a moment's pause, I replied, 'Lord, the oppressed shall go free.' I then addressed the slaves, and told them, 'You do not belong to me: I will not desire your service without making you a sufficient compensation.' I now found liberty to proceed in family worship. After singing, I kneeled down to pray. But if I had the tongue of an angel, I could never fully describe what I felt. All that dejection and melancholy gloom which I had groaned under vanished away in a moment. A Divine sweetness ran through my whole frame. My soul was admitted into the depths of the Redeemer's love in an inexpressible manner! Praise and glory to his name forever!"

It seems almost unaccountable that a man whose mind had been so strikingly illuminated as to the wickedness of slavery, and who had been strengthened to obey the heavenly monition by giving freedom to his own slaves, could have failed, when he became a minister, to commend to others the glorious doctrine which he had thus beautifully exemplified. But in becoming a minister, he learned to temper his honest zeal for freedom with that "Christian expediency" which the writer of the article before us so warmly commends, and which made him willing, for the sake of gaining the influence of slaveholders to upbuild the Methodist Church, to enter into a compromise with oppression, to forbear, in his public ministrations, to plead the cause of the oppressed. He attempted to satisfy his conscience by talking against slavery "in a private way," but that was of little avail so long as, in his public and official capacity, he threw the mantle of Christianity over the hateful system. If slavery was a sin of so little consequence as to be no bar to religious communion, why should the slaveholders give heed to what he said to them in his private intercourse? Surely we need not be surprised at Mr. Shrewsbury's *naïve* confession, that "it does not appear" that Mr. Garretson (after adopting this compromising policy) "had any considerable success in promoting the cause of freedom." He might have added that success, upon such principles, in any good cause, is an impossibility.

Dr. Coke, however, took a different course. After attending the Conference at Baltimore in 1784, he went South. Mr. Shrewsbury says:

"But now, and in a slave State, he altogether adopted another course; and, as it appears to us, in a very injudicious manner. Not content with opposing it in the manly, yet safe and prudent way that Garrettson had done, he openly preached against it in his public ministry. 'In the province of Virginia, while preaching in a barn, on Sunday, the 9th of April, 1785, he took occasion to introduce the subject of slavery, and expatiated on its injustice, in terms that were not calculated to flatter his auditors. Many were provoked to hear those truths which, from their earliest infancy, they had been taught to stifle, and which their interest still instructed them to conceal.' The result was, he raised against himself a violent storm of persecution, and effected no good, comparable to the evil that ensued. He even compromised the welfare of those whose interest he was zealous to promote. For, on returning to the same State a few days afterward, he found 'a revolt among the slaves was greatly dreaded by their masters,' inasmuch that he 'found it necessary to enforce on the negroes the duty of obedience while they were held in bondage.' His biographer acknowledges that the Doctor 'learned wisdom by what he had suffered'; and that wisdom never afterward forsook him, for he was not known to try the experiment in the West Indies, subsequently, of making slavery a pulpit topic in the midst of a slaveholding community."

We see here the natural effects of a faithful application of the gospel to the sin of slavery. The slaveholders could not bear to have the light of divine truth turned upon their hellish system, and the storm they raised was more than Dr. Coke could withstand. He, in his turn, "learned" the "wisdom" of compromise, and the whole body of preachers followed his example. We see the fruit of their guilty policy in the fact that the Methodist Church is to-day one of the strongest bulwarks of American slavery. If Garretson and Coke and their associates, instead of faltering when "tribulation and persecution arose because of the word," had been faithful in proclaiming the truth that slavery is incompatible with Christianity, the Methodist Church might indeed have had a slower growth in respect of numbers, but how would its moral power have been augmented!

Mr. Shrewsbury evidently thinks it the acme of wisdom in a minister to preach the Gospel in such a way as not to give serious offence to sinners. What a pity that Jesus and his Apostles were not imbued with such wisdom, since in that case they might have escaped the perils of martyrdom and left the world a notable example of prudence!

We have said so much of the article on British Methodism and Slavery that we have no room to speak of the other papers in this number. From the "Editor's Book Table," we copied last week timely notices of Helper's and Weston's works on the slavery question.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER. January, 1858. Rev. F. H. Hedge, D.D., and Rev. E. E. Hale, Editors. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

The contents are:

I. Dr. Ferdinand Christian Baur.
II. Dante's Beatrice, as a Type of Womanhood.
III. Agassiz's Natural History.
IV. Hebrew Poetry.
V. Strength and Weakness of the Popular Religion and of Liberal Christianity.
VI. The Revolt and the English.
VII. Review of Current Literature.
VIII. Literary Intelligence.
IX. New Publications.

These articles all bear the impress of liberal thought and sound learning. The *Examiner* holds its place in the front rank of religious and literary periodicals.

THE FAMILY RELATION AS AFFECTED BY SLAVERY. By CHARLES K. WHIPPLE. Premium Tract, to which $200 was awarded by a Committee consisting of Rev. F. Wayland, D.D., Rt. Rev. T. M. Clark, D.D., Bishop of Rhode Island, C. Stoddart, Esq., Mass., and Rev. D. Brown, D.D., Scotland. Published by the American Reform Tract and Book Society, Cincinnati.

This is one of the most valuable of all the tracts lately published on the subject of slavery. We propose to publish it entire in the THE STANDARD at the earliest opportunity.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—The February number closes the sixteenth volume of this work. Its contents are as follows: My Lost Home; Hard Roads; Prattleton's Monday Out; Paris on London; Re-touching the Lord Hamlet; Sand and Roses; Riding the Whirlwind; The Sun-Horse; Fair Time at Leipsic; George Levison, or the Schoolfellows; A Piece of Work; Number Five, Hanbury Terrace. American Reprint. Jansen & Co., 126 Nassau street. $3 per annum.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 714, opens with a review (from the London *Christian Observer*) of the Life of Patrick Hamilton, the first preacher and martyr of the Scottish Reformation; and contains besides a great variety of matter from the usual sources. 321 Broadway.

Summary.

John P. Jewitt & Co., the Boston publishers, having adjusted their financial troubles, resume business.

The Empress Eugenie, of France, recently appeared at a ball, wearing jewels whose value was estimated at $800,000, and having flounces of lace on her robe that cost $120,000.

LADY LECTURERS.—On Wednesday evening, Miss Meath, the authoress of "Memoirs of Hedley Vicars," addressed a large company of the workmen employed at Bromley, on the Mid Kent Railway Works, amongst whom it is well known she has most zealously laboured for their welfare. The address was listened to with the greatest attention.—*Southeastern (Eng.) Gazette.*

Mr. Wright, our new envoy at Berlin, says *The Tribune*, has distinguished himself by his temperance principles. At a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, which he gave lately in honour of Alexander von Humbolt, to which all the American residents in Berlin were invited, hominy and other preparations of Indian corn were provided, but no wine.

It is stated that there are ten times as many newspapers printed in the German language in the United States as there are in Germany. This is certainly creditable to the German population of our country, and they are usually a thrifty, peaceful class of citizens, especially outside of our large cities.

PROGRESS OF TELEGRAM.—The new word "telegram," which is sanctioned by the London *Times*, *Examiner*, *Spectator*, and other high British authorities, will be inserted in the new edition of Webster's Dictionary, to be issued this week by the Brothers Mason, publishers. It had previously been introduced in all the dictionaries of the Longmans in London. Why don't they sanction the word "bogus?"

A Paris letter to the *Courrier des Etats Unis* says that literary circles abroad are much occupied with the magnificent offers made by the Emperor to Professor Agassiz to induce him to accept the chair of M. Orbigny, in the Museum of the Jardin des Plantes. The sum of a hundred thousand francs, as the salary of the office, and a seat in the Senate have been offered M. Agassiz to overcome his refusal.

At a recent meeting of Spiritualists in Dodworth's Hall, a prominent professor of the faith opened by saying it was customary in religious assemblies to read a portion of divine truth; and that he would begin the exercises of the occasion by reading *a portion of divine truth according to Theodore Parker.* He accordingly read an extract from one of Mr. Parker's discourses.

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.—The Richmond *Religious Herald* is responsible for the following: "Many years ago, a Baptist church in this State, refused to furnish the statistics of its membership to the District Association. The ground of objection was—that to send up these statistics would be to commit the sin of which David was guilty, in numbering the people!"

It would be pleasant to know that our brethren in Virginia were equally conscientious on every other subject.

Gen. Shields, formerly Senator from Illinois, and now from Minnesota, was a volunteer in the Mexican war, and was left for dead in the battle of Cerro Gordo, being shot through the body by an escopet ball. One of the soldiers in that battle wrote to the *National Intelligencer*, that when he, with others, proceeded to raise him up, he thus addressed them—"Men, I am of no further use to my country! you are. Lay me down and let me die; I might as well die here as to be taken off to die. You are all strong, able-bodied men, able to do your country some service; lay me down and do your duty."

A PRESERVED RELIGION.—The Illinois *Baptist* says that there is a denomination in that State generally known as the "Whiskey Baptists." At one of their churches, some time ago, a man who had led an immoral, dissipated life applied for membership, stating that his conversion occurred some fifty years previous. Whereupon a neighbour of his remarked, "Ah, I'll warrant his religion to be good, for, to my knowledge, he has had it preserved in whiskey for fifty years!"

CORN AND SONG.—Currency or cash is dreadful scarce among the western rural districts, and the Hutchinsons, who are singing their way out of their Minnesota home to eastern civilization, had this experience in an Iowa town: A farmer drove up with eight bushels of corn in his sleigh, and his wife and six children seated thereon, saying, "We have no money, but we all want to hear you, and corn is the best we can give you." They accepted the proffer, gave eight twenty-five cent tickets in exchange for the grain and sung it out.

THE GREAT REVULSION OF 1857 has spent its force, and is henceforth to be regarded as a tornado of yesterday. There will, of course, be more failures, for many really insolvent houses, which have thus far avoided prostration through skilful and assiduous financiering, Bank favour, or the non-maturity of their obligations, must ultimately succumb; but for the most of the community, the worst is over. There are fewer mills, forges, furnaces and labourers now idle than there were two months ago; there will be fewer a month hence than there are now; and we may confidently look for still further improvement.—*Tribune.*

KILLING THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.—President Pierce, says the St. Louis *News*, undertook the job of breaking up the Democratic party in the Northern States, and got along so finely as to break its domination in every Free State but New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois and California. Mr. Buchanan has taken up the work where Mr. Pierce left off, and, if he is as successful during the next three months as he has been in the past three weeks, will finish it so completely as not to leave a shred of the party north of Mason and Dixon's line. It would not be surprising if he were to crowd it out of Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee also, reducing the once powerful national Democracy to a pitiful nest of billious fire-eaters in the Gulf States.

THE STEBBINS PLATFORM.—Everybody remembers the platform on which the great Stebbins planted himself when he run for President of the United States. When asked how he stood on the Maine law, he promptly answered that he was "in favour of the law, but against its execution." This admirable political position has been assumed in New Hampshire and other States by the Democratic party, in resolutions expressing unabated confidence in Mr. Buchanan, and pronouncing against the measure on which he has staked his Administration. Mr. Hale showed up the resolutions from New Hampshire, and said that the Democrats of his State only meant to endorse Mr. Buchanan, and to repudiate his acts.—*Providence Journal.*

Mr. Speaker Orr is enforcing the rules of the House, excluding outsiders, and keeping insiders on their good behaviour. If the members get a little noisy, the sharp sounding raps of the hammer, and the "too much conversation in the Hall," are repeated until they are still. He is also introducing reforms in the regulations of the building. All the officers of the House are strictly forbidden to keep those stimulants of patriotism and eloquence, which I am told could hitherto be found in many rooms, near the hall. Mr. Orr says he will immediately discharge any officer who is too spirited in his attentions to members. There is a good chance to speculate in pocket flasks. Ale, however, is permitted at the fruit and cake stalls about the entrances, the Speaker having satisfied himself that it is not an intoxicating beverage.

PARSON BROWNLOW, of the Knoxville *Whig*, tells a rather good story of John Mitchel, the Irish "patriot," who, in company with a Mr. Swan, publishes a paper in Knoxville, Tenn. They employ in their office a slave named "Jordan," and the story runs thus:

Mr. Swan, in the presence of Mitchel, remarked to 'Jordan,' 'We (meaning himself and Mitchel) have concluded to reopen the African slave trade, and fill the country with real ivory-tooth negroes from Congo,' and, turning to Jordan, inquired, 'How will it do?' Jordan scratched his head, and, after a moment's reflection, replied, 'I think it would do fust rate, massa Billy, provided you will drive away all dese yere Irish out of our country, back to whar dey came from, and give us de niggers in da place!'"

A DRUNKEN LECTURER.—The best temperance lecture—I would say the most impressive and heart-rending appeal in behalf of sobriety that has ever reached my ears—was made not long since by a gentleman who had been selected to give the first lecture of the season before several of our Western lyceums. As his name is in all the "Cyclopedias of American Literature," something creditable was expected; but he had not spoken ten minutes before it was evident that he was sadly intoxicated, and the President of the Society had to perform the painful duty of leading him from the stand, and dismissing the insulted audience.—*Detroit Cor. Christian Inquirer.*

SURE TO WIN.—The Kansas *Crusader of Freedom*, alluding to Lucy Stone's refusal to pay her taxes and the consequent levy upon her goods, says:

"Lucy will lose her suit in Court, but win her case outside of it. The American Revolution was merely a successful Rebellion if the principle she contends for is to be forever limited to one sex only. In Kentucky and Canada, female tax-payers vote in certain cases, and no one, in those very conservative countries, complains of the innovation or the abuse of the right. We believe that to grant the right of suffrage to woman would purify politics more than any plan that could be adopted. The St. Joseph *Journal* will please note and grunt accordingly."

A HOME-THRUST.—A minister of the gospel, of our acquaintance, raised the ire of some of his people, by preaching against slavery. On calling him to an account for so doing, he said in answer:

"There is not a free State which, by its statute books, and consequently by a majority of its citizens, does not condemn slavery, as an institution not to be tolerated. Slaveholding is made up of certain acts, and all those acts these statutes prohibit. No man in Connecticut, or in any other of the free States of the American Union, can purchase a slave, or sell him, or retain his services; and if an owner of a slave buys his slave here from a slave State, he cannot '*hold*' him—but the slave is made at once a free man by our laws. When, therefore, I denounce slavery as an evil, I only do what you—a portion of the Commonwealth—do. I only speak as your own statutes speak. You must alter your statutes, before you can consistently close my lips. In condemning me, you condemn yourselves."—*Religious Herald.*

FLOGGING IN THE NAVY.—Human nature vindicates itself when it gets a fair chance, which is not often. An officer of the U. S. frigate Congress, just returned from a cruise of two and a half years, writes to the *Journal of Commerce* as follows, of the advantages gained by the abolition of flogging:

"The new mode of discipline without flogging is producing a rapid and decided change in the character of seamen; and in almost every particular the change is of the most desirable nature. There is perhaps less promptness and energy in the movements of some who formerly jumped to the ropes from the fear of the 'cats,' and that class of reckless, bold and dare-devil spirits who seemed in their native element only when the storm was highest and howled through the rigging with most terrific violence, is to some extent passing away. But there is rising in its place a self-respect, an intelligent manliness, a reliable fidelity, a sympathy with their fellow-men and a desire for their regard, which is full of promise. Considering the grade of society from which seamen ordinarily come, and the motives which lead the great majority to seek the service, it is surprising that the improvement in their character should have been as great as those most experienced declare it to be."

GOT NO MASSA

Miscellaneous Department.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

A MELO-DRAMA.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

From The Liberty Bell.

CONCLUDED.

SCENE V.

[Past midnight. The moon shining on a broad river. No houses in sight. William and Ellen creep out from a quantity of boards and barrels, piled up near the river.]

Ellen.—It seemed frightful to be alone in the woods with wolves and snakes. But I'm more afraid here in the open country. [*She clings to him, and speaks low.*] When I pressed your arm a little while ago, didn't you think you heard something breathing near us?

William.—Yes, I did, and it brought my heart up into my throat. But I suppose it must have been some sleeping cat or pig. Try to keep up your courage a little longer. There is the Ohio! The river we have so *longed* to see! If we can only get across it, we shall be in the free States, at last. So far, we have got along very well, thanks to your white face, and passing yourself for a slaveholder. If we hadn't been so unlucky as to meet that acquaintance of massa's down at the tavern yonder, we needn't be skulking now. But he looked hard at me, and you were a little confused when you answered his questions. Perhaps he suspected something wrong, and perhaps he didn't. But it is safest for us to keep out of the way of the travelled roads. That nigger we overheard talking about taking some barrels across the river, said he was going to take them from such a place as this. We must try to get a passage with him. Your clothes are so worn and dusty, that you can hardly pass for the son of a rich slaveholder; but you may be taken for a poor white, emigrating with his only nigger. We have a little money left, and that may induce him to take us. The worst of it is, if he suspects us, he may inform against us, when he gets back to Kentucky, in hopes of getting more money. But we must run the risk.

Ellen.—When will the day dawn? This night seems as long as ten nights. That same moon is shining on our old home, Willie. On the tree, where we used to sit and sing, on Sundays, after meeting. I loved that Southern land, where we were born, and where all our friends live. If our situation hadn't been so dreadful, I never *could* have left it to seek a home among strangers.

William.—I, too, was thinking what a pleasant home Carolina might be, if there was no slavery there. But I long to breathe free air, if it be the coldest blasts of a Canada winter.

[Ellen leans on her husband's shoulder, gazing pensively at the moon. After looking furtively round, to see whether any one is stirring, they sing, in a low voice:]

O, moonlight, deep and tender,
You shone thus silv'ry bright;
Or veiled in misty splendour,
Where first we saw the light:

Those scenes of youth have vanished,
We return to them no more;
For we are aliens, banished
From our own native shore.

O, river, brightly glancing,
How beautiful to see!
Beneath the moon's rays dancing,
So joyfully and free!

And yet to *us* how dreary!
Who see it through our tears;
So lonely, sad and weary,
And trembling with our fears.

O, river, gently flowing,
Bear us in safety o'er!
The friendly moonlight showing
Our way to Freedom's shore.

[While they are singing, a black face peeps out from between the boards, and watches them curiously for a minute, and is then lighted up with a broad smile. The head is withdrawn behind the boards, and presently, when all is still, a voice is heard singing:]

"Jim crack corn—don't care!
Ole massa's gone away!"

[William and Ellen start, and look behind them.]

William.—I could almost swear that was Jim's voice.

Ellen.—You know *all* the slaves sing that. It can't be that Jim is here. How my heart beats! What if we should be betrayed!

[The voice behind the boards sings:]

I hearn massa tell 'em so!
All de folks born free in dis ere country, O!

William.—It *is* Jim! [*He sings in response:*]

"No'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves."

[The voice behind the boards answers:]

Dis nigger he know dat tings no go,
Jus as massa tole 'em, O!

[Jim jumps out, grasps their hands, and capers about.]

Jim.—Peers like you've done clared out, too. Dis 'ere nigger sorter spected so. I say, Bill! massa couldn't *whip* us away, *could* he? *Tried* hard nuff, didn't he? Wouldn't *take* our freedom, if massa *guv* it to us, *would* we? [*He sings:*]

Dis nigger he know dat tings no go,
Jus as massa tole 'em, O!

William.—It does me good to hear your merry voice again, Jim; but I think you had better keep more quiet till we get into Canada.

Jim.—Skeered, ar ye? Who's feard? Not dis ere nigger. Cause, ye see, he knows what he's bout. You member my brudder Dick, dat was sole in Kentuck? Dick all'ers was quick as rat-trap. Extror'nary smart nigger! Dick's massa hires him out, to tote lumber down dis ere riber. Dick's got an arrant cross de riber, and he's gwine to tote dis ere nigger in a bar'l. Dars bar'ls nuff to tote us all. Dick wouldn't *take* his freedom, if his massa *guv* it to him; an't green nuff fur *dat*. But dis ere nigger sorter spects to see Dick in Canada. [*He bursts out singing:*]

"And dar we be receive
As gran as Lar-fay-i-tee!"

Ellen.—But even if we succeed in crossing the river, we are not sure of reaching Canada. They say our masters have made a law, obliging people in the free States to catch runaway slaves, and send them back.

William [*bitterly*].—And they *call* themselves *free* States! But they say that slaves have friends in Ohio, who help 'em on toward Canada, by some kind of underground railroad. I wish I knew how to find them.

Jim.—You go way! You knows a heap, Bill. Dar an't no manner o' doubt o' dat ar. But dis ere nigger an't jus woke up, nudder. Dick tole all bout dem ere cars. Dick knows a man in Hi-o, dat'll put us aboard. If massa's car come rattlin arter us, *Ki!*—dey'll jus put on de steam like house a fire! and way we go!

[He puffs like a steam-engine, imitates the car-whistle, and ends by singing:]

"Clar de track, ole Dan Tucker!"

Ellen [*uneasily*].—When *will* your brother come? Every minute seems an hour.

[From a boat on the river, a bell is heard to ring three times, followed by a voice, singing:]

"Heigho! de boatman row!"

Jim.—Dat ar's Dick!

[They all run toward the river, and soon after, receding voices are heard singing:]

"Heigho! de boatman row!
Floatin down riber Ohi-o!"

SCENE VI.

[Fields near Detroit. A company of men and women assembled to celebrate the First of August. Picnic tables are spread under an evergreen arch, with the word, EMANCIPATION, formed of dahlias. All the women wear veils, that Ellen, who is among them, need not be easily recognised, in case of an emergency. William has a neat new dress, and wears a black wig.]

Mr. Freeman [*shaking hands with Ellen*].—You are welcome here; and you may rest assured that you are among kind friends. I hear you have a voice like a bob-o'-link. Won't you give us a song, on this pleasant occasion?

Ellen.—I would most gladly, sir. But is it quite safe? I'm told the law compels you to give up fugitives.

Freeman.—I blush to acknowledge that we *are* disgraced by such a law; but we contrive many ways to evade it. You are more safe here than you would be in a city. This is not a public meeting. It is a pic-nic for Abolitionists only. No Southerner will be likely to intrude upon us. Is your master at the North?

Ellen.—When he left home, he intended to travel North, sir.

Freeman.—What is his name?

Ellen.—Mr. Alfred Masters, of South Carolina.

Freeman.—I know of no such name at the hotels; and our friends keep pretty close watch. But, to make your mind perfectly easy, I will tell you a secret. In that ice-house, covered with straw, yonder, there are steps that lead to the underground railroad. You have heard of the underground railroad, perhaps?

Ellen [*smiling*].—O, yes, sir. We *came* by that road.

Freeman.—I shall keep spies on the watch. If any strangers approach, I will begin to sing, "Get out of the way, old Dan Tucker!" Then the women will run for ice, and you and your husband will run with them. There's *one* slave under the ice-house already. He's so black, that it won't do for *him* to show his face here; but you and your husband are both so light, that you would attract no attention. As for *you*, no one unacquainted with your history would believe that you were not a white woman.

Ellen.—I wish it were possible to cross over to Canada soon, sir.

Freeman.—I deem it imprudent to attempt it just now. There are some Southerners at the hotel, in search of runaway slaves; and it is possible you might be recognised by some acquaintance of your master's. We will try to have you conveyed over to-morrow morning, before people are stirring. Meanwhile, I wish you would help us to celebrate the emancipation of your enslaved brethren in the British West Indies.

Ellen.—I will try, sir; but I am afraid my voice will tremble; for I am *very* anxious. I will call William, and we will sing together two verses, that a lady taught us last night. She said they were written by an Abolitionist, in Boston.

[Ellen sings:]

"Oh, sunny South, the pride of lands,
Whose joyous spring as Eden blooms,
Whose rivers sweep o'er golden sands,
Whose harvests feed a million looms;
Why looks an anxious world on thee,
In sorrow for thy destiny?"

[William sings in response:]

"It is, that when the joyous sea
Bore from West Indian Isles the song
Of earth's most glorious jubilee,
Of right, triumphant over wrong—
Midst a *world's* welcome, thou alone
Answered the tidings with a groan."

Freeman [*to Ellen*].—You *are* a bob-o'-link! We must hear your voice again, by-and-by. But now let us join in the chorus, in honour of our mother country.

[All the guests unite in singing:]

"Blow ye the trumpet abroad o'er the sea!
Britannia hath triumphed, the negro is free!"

[The women begin to unpack bread, cakes, &c., from the baskets. While they are thus occupied, Mr. Freeman sings:]

"Get out of the way, Old Dan Tucker!"

[The women exclaim:]

O, we forgot the ice. Make haste and bring some ice!

[Many of them run towards the ice-house; William and Ellen with them. While others arrange the tables, two strangers enter.]

North [*bowing to Mr. Freeman*].—Allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Masters, from South Carolina. He never attended an Abolition meeting, and he was curious to see one.

Masters.—Not so much to *see* one as to listen to the *arguments* that may be brought forward. I am a sincere seeker after light; and, perhaps you will be able to convince me.

Freeman.—This is not one of our public meetings for discussing the subject, sir; but you are welcome to the best we have to offer, either for mind or body. Doubtless, we *might* produce two or three arguments that would make some impression on you. But the ladies are preparing the refreshment tables. They can offer you some delicious fruit, refreshingly cool, for we have an ice-house near by.

[The Abolitionists glance at each other with a significant smile; and one says aside to another:]

Its contents wouldn't be very likely to cool *him!*]

Masters.—I thank you; but I came here for argument, rather than refreshments. I hear you are great reasoners; but I hope to convince you that you are labouring under a mistake on this subject. I assure you our servants at the South are a very happy set of people. This gentleman, from Connecticut, can vouch for what I say.

North.—Yes, sir, I can; and I am most happy to do it. I *know* something about it. I've *been* at the South; so, *I* am a competent witness. And I'm free to say, I never saw a happier set of fellows than the niggers there. The poor in England have reason to envy their condition.

Freeman.—Why don't you go as a missionary to England? They wouldn't mob you, as *we* did George Thompson; and if you have half *his* eloquence, perhaps you might persuade the English people to petition their government for leave to *become* slaves. Such petitions would doubtless find some advocates; for there is a class there, as well as here, who consider slavery the most suitable condition for the poor.

Masters.—You are pleased to be facetious, sir. But I do assure you that my slaves have not the least *desire* to be free. I have an uncommonly intelligent slave, named William. He is so attached to me, that when I *offered* him his freedom, he wouldn't *take* it. *Would* he, Mr. North?

North.—No. He told me, himself, that he'd rather be a stray dog than a free nigger.

Masters.—William is not peculiar in that respect. They all have the greatest contempt for free niggers. I'm a very kind master; *all* my slaves are so contented with their situation that I couldn't *whip* 'em away, if I *tried*. *Could* I, Mr. North?

North.—No, indeed! They know too well on which side their bread is buttered.

[A voice, not far off, sings:]

Dis nigger he know *dat tings* no go,
Jus as massa tole 'em, O!

Masters [*looking round*].—Who was that?

Freeman.—Ethiopian melodies are very popular here. Boys are always whistling or singing them. Some lad appears to have put new words to "Dandy Jim."

Masters [*smiling.*]—It was an excellent imitation. It almost made me feel as if I were on the plantation, hearing my own boys singing merrily, at their work. They're a happy set, sir.

[*One of the Abolitionists aside to another*:] Some of them are his *own* boys, in more senses than *one*, I reckon.

[Meanwhile a man enters and hands Mr. Masters a letter. He glances over it, and takes up his hat hastily.

Freeman.—You're not *going*, sir? We have made arrangements to have a *debate* with you, by-and-by. You said you wished to hear our arguments.

Masters.—I must decline that pleasure, for the present, sir. I am summoned away on unexpected business.

[He touches his hat, takes Mr. North by the arm, and turns away. Mr. Freeman turns away in the opposite direction, and joins a knot of the Abolitionists, all of whom are keeping an eye on Mr. Masters and Mr. North, as they stand talking together.]

Masters.—Would you *believe* it? That rascal, Bill, has taken advantage of my absence, to run away! He and his wife Nelly have been seen near Ohio. The ungrateful wench! When I was willing to do so *much* for her!

North.—Is it possible? Now I *am* surprised! What ingratitude!

Masters.—The fact is, sir, the niggers are a singular race. They have several diseases, peculiar to themselves. The one which prevails most *generally* is called by our doctors drapetomania; and the only way I can account for this strange affair, is by supposing that Bill and Nelly had an attack of that *disease*.

North.—Pray what sort of disease may that be, sir?

Masters.—Doctors like to show their learning, you know; so they made a word from Greek. It means a mania for *running away*. When niggers appear unusually sulky and dissatisfied, it's a sign that the disease is coming on; and preventive remedies ought to be applied immediately. The learned Dr. Cartwright, of Louisiana University, has written a celebrated book about nigger diseases. He advises that the whip should be freely applied when the first symptoms of drapetomania appear. He calls it "whipping the devil out of 'em." But the fact is, I never perceived any symptoms of it in Bill. He always seemed healthy. It is a very *singular* disease, that drapetomania! There's no telling who may be seized by it. Some of the planters think it is becoming epidemic.

North.—It *is* singular, indeed, sir. Perhaps it's part of the curse of the Lord pronounced upon Canaan.

Masters.—I've heard that idea suggested by our divines. The niggers *are* a cursed race, if ever there *was* one; that's a fact.

North.—How lucky it is for *them*, that they have kind masters to take care of them!

Masters.—You know what good care I took of Bill; the ungrateful dog! Who would have thought of *his* being seized with drapetomania? But what's to be done? Do you know anything about that infernal underground they tell of?

North.—I dare say the police may know something about it, sir.

Masters.—If I could only *see* Bill and Nelly and *reason* a little with 'em, I dare say they would be persuaded that they have done very wrong. When the disease of drapetomania begins to subside, they soon get tired enough of being free niggers, and would gladly go back, if they were not afraid of punishment.

North.—That drapetomania is a very strange disease. I never heard of anybody's having it in New England. It *must* be a part of the curse upon Canaan.

Masters.—Come! let us make inquiries of the police.

[*They go out. Freeman says to the picnic guests:*] Some of you go and caution that merry black Jim, not to be singing any *more* scraps of songs till he gets into Canada. We've come to a narrow pass on the precipice, *now*. There can be no doubt what news that *letter* contained. I heard the word, police. How on earth shall we contrive to get them safely away from their hiding-place, and smuggle them over to Victoria's dominions?

One of the Guests.—I see how it can be done. There's a store of ready-made coffins near by, and the man who sells them is an Abolitionist. The coloured minister, Mr. Dickinson, died yesterday, and we can get his family to help us. William and Ellen must be stained black, and go among the mourners. Jim, who *can't* be stained any blacker, must be carried in the coffin. They can all be locked up in a tomb; a place which the police will not think of searching. In the darkness of the night we can bring 'em near the ferry. The police will, doubtless, be on the watch during all the hours that the boat runs; but you know the ferryman is willing enough to oblige us, if he can do it without being found out. We must be scattered here and there, round the ferry, in numbers sufficient to divert the enemy's forces, if they take it into their heads to be stirring too early.

Freeman.—I believe it is the best plan that is left for us; but it's risky business for all of us. That rogue, Jim, must be cautioned not to sing out from the coffin.

SCENE VII.

[Road near Detroit. On one side of the road Mr. Freeman is passing slowly with a few Abolitionists. On the other side of the road are Police Officers, with brass stars on their coats, and brass bands on their hats, with the word, Police. They pass back and forth, as if on sentinel duty. Rowdy-looking Truckmen, with shirt sleeves rolled up, are armed with clubs and whips, as if ready for a mob. The sound of funeral music is heard approaching. A coffin is borne across the stage, followed by coloured men and women, and a band of music. After it has passed, Mr. Freeman stops in front of a Police Officer, and says to one of his Abolition companions:]

Whose funeral was that? It is not *common* to have a *band* out on such occasions.

Abolitionist.—I presume it is done in honour of Mr. Dickson, the coloured minister. I heard he was to be buried to-day, and I noticed his family among the mourners.

[*A Truckman says, in a loud voice, to the Police Officer:*] Damned set of amalgamationists! No doubt they're hob-nob with all the *fust* niggers.

[*Police Officer speaks apart to his companions:*] They must be *expected* on this road, or the *Abolitionists* would not linger about here so.

[*When Mr. Freeman reappears, talking with a friend, the Police Officer says gruffly to him:*] What are you loitering about *here* for, sir?

Freeman.—I will imitate the Yankees, who, they say, answer one question by asking another. Pray what are *you* loitering about here for?

Police Officer.—We're watching for two runaway niggers.

Freeman.—Only *two*, sir? *Many* pass through this place to Canada.

A Truckman.—Yes, and it's all owing to the *cussed* jaggery of you bobolitionists and your friends, the niggers.

Freeman.—I am happy to hear that we are so useful.

Police Officer.—But you won't catch a weasel asleep *this* time. Mr. Masters, of South Carolina, a very polite gentleman, and a very kind master, has lost two valuable servants. We've got on the track of 'em, and we're determined to catch 'em for him. We've got the *law* on *our* side.

Freeman.—As I have no wish to earn blood-money by turning slave-hunter for *any* of our Southern *masters*, the information does not particularly interest *me*.

[Several of the Abolitionists, who have been looking on the Police and the rowdies with disgust, break out singing:]

"No slave-hunt in *our* borders!
No pirates on *our* strand!
No fetters in the *free* States!
No slave upon *our* land!"

[*The Truckmen double their fists, and shake their whips. The Police Officer gets angry, and exclaims:*] I tell you what, you'd better go about your business, if you know what is good for yourselves.

Freeman.—I trust we are at liberty to *choose* our business. Our Southern masters are *kind* masters. They have left us a *few* privileges. I believe citizens of the free States are not *yet* forbidden by United States law to walk in their own streets; or even to *talk* together in the street, when they think proper. But why so angry, *gentlemen?* You surely are not ashamed of your *employment?* Is it not a *manly* employment? Is it not fitting business for *you*, sir, who bear the illustrious name of John Adams? And for *you*, sir, who are accustomed to boast, at political meetings, that you are a true *democrat*, dyed in the wool? I see you *are* ashamed, notwithstanding all the *brass* you have about you.

[Some slink away; some shake their fists. One of the Police says:]

Damn your impudence! If you don't hold your tongue, I'll arrest you for disturbing the peace.

[The Abolitionists laugh, and go off singing:]

Bring garlands for the free and brave!
Bold hunters of the flying slave!

SCENE VIII.

[Early morning. The Ferry, at Detroit; half a mile across to the Canada shore. Mr. Freeman appears, and after looking all round carefully, knocks three times at a door, near the water. The Ferryman opens the door.]

Mr. Freeman.—The passengers you agreed to take are here. Please lose no time.

[Ferryman hastens to the boat; William, Ellen, and Jim jump in. The fastenings are loosened. The boat is an oar's length from the shore, when Mr. Masters and Mr. North come running, out of breath, followed by ten or twelve Abolitionists. Mr. Masters points his pistol at the Ferryman, and calls out:]

Put back that boat! Those are *my* slaves. Put back that boat, or I'll blow your brains out! Hell! There's Jim, too! Where the devil's the police! Call the police, Mr. North! Put back that boat!

[For an instant, the Ferryman holds his oars suspended in hesitation. William, in an agony of anxiety, springs upon him, and exclaims:]

I'll strangle you, if you do.

Ferryman.—If I *must* die, I'll die doing my *duty*.

[He pushes off. Some one behind Mr. Masters knocks the pistol from his hand. The Ferryman and William row with all their might. The Abolitionists swing their hats, and hurra. The Police come in time to see the boat half way across. An American vessel is on the stocks near by, with the name of Henry Clay, floating on its banner. The workmen on board catch the contagion of the scene. They wave their caps, and hurra. The noise attracts people on the Canada side. They see a negro in the boat, and, guessing the rest, they hurra. In the intervals, Jim's voice comes across the water:]

"Don't care! *Ole* massa's gone away!"

[From shore to shore:]

Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

Mr. Freeman to Mr. Masters.—Couldn't *whip* 'em away from you; *could* you, sir?

Freeman to the Police Officer.—Didn't catch a weasel asleep *this* time, did we?

[From shore to shore:]

Hurra! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Mr. North, walking away with Mr. Masters, says.—What a very remarkable case of drapetomania!

[From shore to shore:]

Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

[On the Canada side, they strike up—]

"God save the Queen!"

[On the other side, the Abolitionists respond:]

"Blow ye the trumpet aloud o'er the sea!
Freedom hath triumphed! The slaves are now free!"

N. B. The scene here described did really occur at Detroit, some years ago, while a vessel, named the Henry Clay, was on the stocks; and the Ferryman made the exclamation here attributed to him.

SIXTY NEW YEARS' DAYS AGO.

Is my darling tired already,
Tired of her long day of play?
Draw your little stool beside me,
Smooth this tangled hair away.
Can she put the logs together,
Till they make a cheerful blaze?
Shall her blind old uncle tell her
Something about long past days?

Hark! The wind among the cedars
Waves their white arms to and fro;
I remember how I watched them
Sixty New Years' Days ago:
Then I dreamt a glorious vision
Of great deeds to crown each year;
Sixty New Years' Days have found me
Useless, helpless, blind—and here!

As I feel my darling stealing
Warm, soft fingers into mine;
Shall I tell her what I fancied
In that strange old dream of mine?
I was kneeling by the window,
Reading how a noble band,
With the red cross on their breast-plates,
Went to gain the Holy Land.

While with eager eyes of wonder,
Over the dark page I bent;
Slowly twilight shadows gather'd
Till the letters came and went;
Slowly, till the night was round me,
Then my heart beat loud and fast:
For I felt before I saw it
That a spirit near me passed.

So I raised my eyes, and shining
Where the moon's first ray was bright,
Stood a winged angel-warrior
Clothed and panoplied in light;
So, with Heaven's love upon him,
Stern in calm and resolute will,
Look'd St. Michael, in the cloister;
Does the picture hang there still?

Threefold were the dreams of honour,
That absorb'd my heart and brain;
Threefold crowns the angel promised,
Each one to be bought by pain;
While he spoke, a threefold blessing
Fell upon my soul like rain;

Helper of the poor and suffering;
Victor in a glorious strife;
Singer of a noble poem;
Such the honours of my life.
Ah, that dream! Long years have brought me
Joy and grief as real things;
Yet never touch'd the tender memory
Sweet and solemn that it brings—
Never quite effaced the feeling
Of those white and shadowing wings.

Ah, I guess, those blue eyes open!
Does my faith too foolish seem?
Yes, my darling, years have taught me
It was nothing but a dream.
Soon, too soon, the bitter knowledge
Of a fearful trial rose,
Rose to crush my heart, and sternly
Bade my young ambition close.

More and more my eyes were clouded,
Till at last God's glorious light
Pass'd away from me forever,
And I lived and live in night.
Dear, I will not dim your pleasure,
New Year's should be only gay,
In my night the stars have risen,
And I wait the dawn of day.

Even then I could be happy,
For my brothers' tender care
In their boyish pastimes ever
Made me take, or feel a share.
Phillip, even then so thoughtful,
Charles so noble, brave and free;
And your father, little Godfrey,
The most loving of the three.

Phillip reason'd down my sorrow,
Charles would laugh my gloom away,
Godfrey's little arms put round me,
Helped me through my dreariest day.
And the promise of my Angel,
Like a star, now bright, now pale,
Hung in the black night above me,
And I felt it could not fail.

Years pass'd on, my brothers left me,
Each went out to take his share
In the strain of life; my portion
Was a humble one—to bear.
Here I dwelt, and learnt to wander
Through the woods and fields alone,
Every cottage in the village
Had a corner call'd my own.

Old and young, all brought their troubles
Great or small for me to hear;
I have often bless'd my sorrow
That drew others' grief so near.
Much the people needed helping—
Needed love—for Love and Heaven
Are the only gifts not barter'd:
They alone are freely given.

And I gave it. Phillip's bounty
(We were orphans, dear) made toil
Prosper, and want never fasten'd
On the tenants of the soil.
Phillip's name (oh, how I gloried,
He so young, to see it rise!)
Soon grew noted among statesmen
As a patriot true and wise.

And his people, too, felt honour'd
To be ruled by such a name;
I was proud, too, that they loved me,
Through their pride in him it came.
He had gain'd what I had long'd for,
I meanwhile grew glad and gay,
'Mid his people, to be serving
Him and them, in some poor way.

How his noble earnest speeches
With untiring fervour came;
Helper of the poor and suffering,
Truly he deserved the name!
Had my angel's promise fail'd me?
Had that word of hope grown dim?
Why, my Phillip had fulfill'd it,
And I loved it best in him!

Charles meanwhile—ah, you, my darling,
Can his loving words recall—
'Mid the bravest and the noblest,
Braver, nobler, than them all.
How I loved him! how my heart thrill'd
When his sword clank'd by his side,
When I touch'd his gold embroidery,
Almost *saw* him in his pride!

So we parted; he all eager
To uphold the name he bore,
Leaving in my charge—he loved me—
Some one whom he loved still more:
I must tend this gentle flower,
I must speak to her of him,
For he fear'd—Love still is fearful—
That his memory might grow dim.

I must guard her from all sorrow,
I must play a brother's part,
Shield all grief and trial from her,
If it need be, with my heart.
Years pass'd, and his name grew famous,
We were proud, both she and I;
And we lived upon his letters,
While the slow days fleeted by.

Then at last—you know the story,
How a fearful rumour spread,
Till all hope had slowly faded,
And we knew that he was dead.
Dead! Oh, those were bitter hours;
Yet within my soul there dwelt
Something, while the rest all mourn'd him,
Something like a hope I felt.

His was no weak life as mine was,
But a life, so full and strong,
No, I could not think he perish'd
Nameless, 'mid a conquer'd throng.
How she droop'd! Years pass'd; no tidings
Came, and yet that little flame
Of strange hope within my spirit
Still burnt on, and lived the same.

Well, my child, our hearts will fail us
Then, when they the strongest seem;
I can look back on those hours
As a fearful evil dream.
She had long despair'd; what wonder
If her heart had turn'd to mine?
Earthly loves are deep and tender,
Not eternal and divine!

Can I say how bright a future
Rose before my soul that day?
Oh, so strange, so sweet, so tender,
And I had to turn away,
Hard and terrible the struggle,
For the pain not mine alone;
I call'd back my Brother's spirit,
And I bade him claim his own.

Told her—now I dared to do it—
That I felt the day would rise
When he would return to gladden
My weak heart and her bright eyes.
And I pleaded—pleaded sternly—
In his name, and for his sake:
Now, I can speak calmly of it.
Then, I thought my heart would break.

Soon—ah, Love had not deceived me
(Love's true instincts never err);
Wounded, weak, escaped from prison,
He return'd to me; to her.
I could thank God that bright morning,
When I felt my Brother's gaze,
That my heart was true and loyal,
As in our old boyish days.

Bought by wounds and deeds of daring,
Honours he had brought away:
Glory crown'd his name—my Brother's,
Mine, too!—we were one that day.
Since the crown on him had fallen,
"VICTOR IN A GLORIOUS STRIFE,"
I could live and die contented
With my poor ignoble life.

Well, my darling, almost weary
Of my story? Wait awhile;
For the rest is only joyful,
I can tell it with a smile.
One bright promise still was left me,
Wound so close about my soul,
That as one by one had fail'd me,
This dream now absorb'd the whole.

"SINGER OF A NOBLE POEM,"
Ah, my darling, few and rare
Burn the names of the true Poets,
Like stars in the purple air.
That too, and I glory in it,
That great gift my Godfrey won;
I have my dear share of honour,
Gain'd by that beloved one.

One day shall my darling read it,
Now she cannot understand
All the noble thoughts, that lighten
Through the genius of the land.
I am proud to be his brother,
Proud to think that hope was true;
Though I long'd and strove so vainly,
What I fail'd in, he could do.

It was long before I knew it,
Longer ere I felt it so;
Then I strung my rhymes together
Only for the poor and low.
And it pleases me to know it
(For I loved them well indeed),
They care for my humble verses,
Fitted for their humble need.

And it cheers my heart to hear it,
Where the far-off settlers roam,
My poor words are sung and cherish'd,
Just because they speak of Home.
And the little children sing them
(That, I think, has pleased me best),
Often, too, the dying love them,
For they tell of Heaven and rest.

So my last vain dream has faded
(Such as I to think of fame!),
Yet I will not say it fail'd me,
For it crown'd my Godfrey's name,
No; my Angel did not cheat me,
For my long life has been blest;
He did bring me Love and Sorrow,
He will bring me Light and Rest.

[*Household Words.*

["Shawmut," the Boston correspondent of the *Christian Inquirer* of this city, sends to that paper this "endorsement" of the character of the well-known son of a well-known sire, who, as a picture-dealer, bids fair to emulate his father's fame as a politician. The letter for other reasons than this, however, is worthy the attention of people who have any money to spend in works of art, whether at home or abroad.]

Your Detroit correspondent mentions a portrait of Martin Luther, sent home by Lewis Cass, our Chargé at Rome, as a present to his pastor in Detroit, and said by Mr. Cass to be the work of Raphael. He refers to me as to the probability of such being the case. Under common circumstances it would, of course, be highly improbable that any work of Raphael should find its way to this country. Every picture of this artist now in existence is well known and has a value which only monarchs are able to pay. It would be as easy to purchase furtively one of the jewels of the Regalia of Queen Victoria to send to one's pastor. Besides, if Raphael had painted a portrait of Luther, it would have been known, at least to Luther himself, and mentioned by him. When Luther was in Rome, in 1510, he was an obscure monk, and it was not likely that Raphael would have quitted his great work on the Stanze of the Vatican, on which he was then engaged, to paint portraits of travelling monks.

Under any circumstances but the present, we should therefore say, decidedly, that this picture cannot be authentic. But the one fact of its being sent by Mr. Cass makes us hesitate. For we have seen and heard of so many paintings by all the great masters which Mr. Cass has procured for American travellers—he has been so successful in obtaining whole galleries full of Guidos, Murillos, Correggios, for any American who had a few hundred dollars to pay for them—that it really seems as if the supply in his hands is inexhaustible. It is only necessary to say to our Roman Chargé that you want a few specimens of all the great masters, and can pay a thousand dollars or so for the lot, and directly there will turn up the picture gallery of an Italian nobleman, compelled by force of circumstances to dispose of it for anything you choose to offer. We, therefore, are ready to believe anything, no matter how incredible, in regard to pictures coming from this source.

While on this subject, we may suggest to any wealthy New York merchant preparing to visit Italy that he had better abstain from dipping in this picture trade. He will inevitably find himself taken in. Your New York merchants, accustomed to a wholesale business, are very fond of buying pictures by the lot. The picture dealers, who are the sharpest of mankind, ask nothing better. Out of the sweepings of their gallery they will make up a collection, baptize it with the name of some eminent Italian nobleman of Benevento or Orvieto, and persuade the too æsthetic New Yorker that he has gained a prize in purchasing all this lumber.

We have ourselves been cognizant of two instances of this kind, and have heard of many others. We know of a gentleman in one of the Middle States who purchased a picture gallery stated to be filled with the works of Titian, Paul Veronese, &c., *without seeing it till it arrived in America*. A friend of ours, an artist, was invited by another wealthy American to examine a collection he had just bought, consisting of several hundred pictures. "I will give you any one of them that you like," said the generous purchaser. But the artist could not find among them all a single picture which he was willing to take away.

One of the most eminent picture dealers in Rome practised this trick, a few years ago, on an English nobleman of some taste and knowledge. The Englishman was one day lounging in his rooms, when a servant brought a note to the dealer. He read it, and said, carelessly, "Well, you can have the boxes all stowed below till I have time to examine them." "What is it?" said the Englishman. "It's a gallery which has been sent to me by Prince ——, who is obliged to dispose of it, and wishes me to catalogue and price the pictures." "Cannot I see them?" asked the Englishman. "I should rather not," replied the other; "I have not yet seen them myself; and I ought not to let any one else look at them first." But the Englishman begged so hard, that at last the dealer, making him promise secrecy, allowed him to examine them. Among the pictures were the works of many masters (of course not of the first class, for these are kept for Americans. No European is stupid enough to think that he can buy a Raphael or a Murillo, in this way), such as Sansovino, Succhero, Sassa Femato, &c. The Englishman immediately made an offer for the whole gallery, which was at first refused, but finally accepted; and he never knew that the dealer openly boasted that he had planned the whole thing in order to get rid of the rubbish of his collection.

There is but one rule for buying pictures, whether in Italy or here. Buy such pictures as you really enjoy looking at. Never buy a picture because it has a great name, or because you are told by others that it is a good one. There is absolutely no other use in a picture than to please; if it does not please, refuse it as a gift, even though it be by Rembrandt or Rubens. To buy a parcel of paintings which give no pleasure is worse than to buy an elephant, a collection of parrots, or a lot of worn-out carriages and wagons.

From The National Era.

THE EVE OF ELECTION.

FROM gold to gray
Our mild sweet day
Of Indian Summer fades too soon;
But, tenderly,
Above the sea,
Hangs, white and calm, the Hunter's moon.

In its pale fire,
The village spire
Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance;
The painted walls,
Whereon it falls,
Transfigured stand in marble trance!

O'er fallen leaves
The west wind grieves,
Yet comes the seed-time round again;
And morn shall see
The State sown free
With baleful tares or healthful grain.

Along the street
The shadows meet
Of Destiny, whose hands conceal
The moulds of fate
That shape the State,
And make or mar the common weal.

Around I see
The powers that be,
I stand by Empire's primal springs;
And princes meet
In every street,
And hear the tread of uncrowned kings!

Hark! through the crowd
The laugh runs loud,
Beneath the sad, rebuking moon.
God save the land,
A careless band
May shake or swerve ere morrow's noon!

No jest is this;
One cast amiss
May blast the hope of Freedom's year
Oh, take me where
Are hearts of prayer,
And foreheads bowed in reverent fear!

Not lightly fall,
Beyond recall,
The written scrolls a breath can float:
The crowning fact,
The kingliest act
Of Freedom, is the freeman's vote!

For pearls that gem
A diadem,
The diver in the deep sea dives;
The regal right
We boast to-night
Is ours through costlier sacrifice.

The blood of Vane,
His prison pain,
Who traced the path the Pilgrim trod;
And her's whose faith
Drew strength from death,
And prayed her Russell up to God!

Our hearts grow cold,
We lightly hold
The right which brave men died to gain;
The stake, the cord,
The axe, the sword,
Grim nurses at its birth of pain.

Your shadows rend,
And o'er us bend,
Oh, martyrs, with your crowns and palms,
Breathe through these throngs
Your battle songs,
Your scaffold prayers, and dungeon psalms!

Look from thy sky,
Like God's great eye,
Thou solemn moon, with searching beam,
Till in the sight
Of thy pure light
Our mean self-seekings meaner seem.

Shame from our hearts
Unworthy arts,
The fraud designed, the purpose dark;
And smite away
The hands we lay
Profanely on the sacred ark.

To party claims,
And private aims,
Reveal that august face of Truth,
To which are given
The age of Heaven,
The beauty of immortal youth.

So shall our voice
Of sovereign choice
Swell the deep bass of duty done,
And strike the key
Of time to be,
When God and man shall speak as one!

J. G. W.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

CURIOUS IF TRUE.—The *Medical Gazette* of Lisbon asserts that all the persons of that city who reside in houses lighted by gas have escaped the yellow fever.

——ANECDOTE OF JUDGE JACKSON.—The *Cork Reporter* tells the following anecdote of the judge just removed: While the late judge was Solicitor-General, Lord Stanley, too, held office under Sir Robert Peel, and maintained the national system of education, of which he boasted himself to have been the official founder. One of the annual votes of censure on the system having been brought forward by the Solicitor-General's colleague in the representation of the University, Mr. Hamilton, the Solicitor-General, felt himself somewhat embarrassed between official and K!-dare street influence, and, deeming discretion the better part of valour, was observed to "walk out of the house." Our then representative, Sergeant Murphy, was in possession at the time, and called the attention of Lord S—— to the movement, observing that he apprehended that the learned Solicitor-General for Ireland had studied with equal attention the books of "Exodus" and "Judges."

——A RICH SCENE IN CHURCH.—One Sunday within the last 100 years, the service had commenced in a country church, a few miles from Penrith, when in walked a woman in a gray cloak, accompanied by two half-grown urchins, with eyes and mouths both fearfully agape, and the trio took their seats, in all modesty, near the door. By and by the clergyman gave out his text—"Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye?" The gray cloak was agitated. The text was energetically repeated, and the minister's eyes seemed cast toward the party seated behind the door. Our friend in gray stood up, and, with the voice of a "shepherdess on a Westmorland Fell," replied to this pointed question—"Please, sur, I'se Petty Jones, 'o Wetsleddale, an' this is our Bob an' our Peggy, an' we'se ga'an to Peerith to see our Nancy, an' we thowt we'd just come in an' see what ye were makeen, and git a rust."—*Carlisle Patriot.*

——LADY MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.—Gurdon, in his Antiquities of Parliament, says: "The ladies of birth and quality sat in council with the Saxon Witas. The Abbess Hilda (says Bede) presided in an ecclesiastical synod. In Wightfred's great council at Becconceled, A.D. 694, the abbesses sat and deliberated, and five of them signed decrees of that council along with the king, bishops, and nobles. King Edgar's charter to the Abbey of Crowland, A.D. 961, was with the consent of the nobles and abbesses who signed the charter. In Henry the Third's and